

The Metropolitan.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1858.

No. 2.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PIUS IX.

CHAPTER II.—*His preparatory studies for the holy ministry.—His ordination and first mission.—He goes to the republic of Chili.—His apostolic labors there.—He returns and is made Archbishop of Spoleto.—His translation to the See of Imola.—He founds various charitable institutions.—He is elevated to the Cardinal dignity.*

On the re-opening of the Ecclesiastical Academy, after the return of the venerable Pontiff, Pius VII, Mastai attended that institution, only, however, as a lay student. But finding that the malady with which he had been afflicted began gradually to disappear, he immediately commenced his theological studies under the direction of the distinguished professor, Joseph Graziosi. The few years he spent in preparing himself for the holy ministry, were distinguished in a special manner by the practice of those virtues which became the exalted station to which he aspired. Having practiced from his earliest years the virtues of patience and self-denial, he became the example of his companions, and the admiration of his superiors. It is related that one of his directors, a man far advanced in years, predicted of him, that he would one day occupy a distinguished place in the Church, and rejoiced that he had been permitted to form the mind of a young man destined perhaps in coming years to fill the Chair of St. Peter.

In 1818, Mastai, though he had only as yet received minor orders, attended Mons. Odescalchi in his mission in Sinigaglia, and as far as his orders would permit, engaged in the mission with the utmost zeal, and with happiest results. In the December of this year, he asked for and obtained a dispensation to be promoted to the holy orders of subdeacon and deacon. This, however, did not satisfy the ardor of his aspiration; he looked forward more anxiously to the moment when he should have the happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar; he therefore solicited from the Holy Father a further dispensation, which was granted

on condition that in celebrating Mass, he should be assisted by another clergyman, for fear that he might be attacked by his old malady, the paralysis. Mastai was pained at this condition, and knowing the parental tenderness which the Pontiff had always shown him, he resolved to ask a special audience in order, if possible, to have this condition removed.

This audience was granted, and his request acceded to; the Holy Father at the same time expressing his firm conviction, that in future he would not be afflicted with his disease; and such in truth was the case: for His Holiness, from that time to the present, has not been once subject to it. He was shortly afterwards ordained, and on the festival of Easter, 1819, he celebrated his first Mass in the church of *St. Anne di Falignani*. His special motive for selecting this church, was on account of its proximity to the orphanage *Tata Giovanne*, an institution which had been founded for the support and education of poor and destitute orphans. It was designed not only to train up children to virtue and learning, but also to instruct them in the various branches of useful industry. At this time it contained about one hundred children, and as Mastai had previously to his ordination devoted himself to their spiritual care, he continued after his elevation to the priesthood to direct the institution, and to attend personally to the religious instruction of its youthful inmates. So that the first mission of this illustrious man is in happy contrast with that universal mission which he was afterwards to hold over the whole Church.

In 1823 the Sovereign Pontiff was solicited to send a representative of the Holy See to the remote republic of Chili, in South America, and Mastai was invited by Cardinal della Genga to take part in that mission with Monsignor Muzi, afterwards bishop of Castello. To this he gladly assented, notwithstanding the many inconveniences attending so long a journey. His friends, and in particular his mother, were grieved at the idea of his departure on so long a voyage, and the many dangers of the mission; and yielding to her maternal affection, the Countess, his mother, wrote to Cardinal Gonsalvi, then secretary of state, earnestly entreating him not to permit her son to undertake the mission. The day before his departure he presented himself to the Holy Father to receive his blessing. The aged Pontiff received him affectionately, and said to him:—"The Countess, your mother, has written to the secretary of state to prevent your journey; but we have written to her in answer that you would surely return safe from your mission."

The prediction of the pontiff was verified; for in the short space of three years, Mastai again returned to his friends in Sinigaglia. His departure from Chili was hastened by the breaking out of a revolution in that republic.

Short as was this mission, it was characterized by many instances of extraordinary zeal in the cause of religion. His route to Chili obliged him to stop at Montevideo and other cities in South America, and wherever he stopped his whole time was unceasingly devoted to deeds of charity, and to the exercise of the duties of the holy ministry. After reaching the republic of Chili, and on the way to the capital, the apostolic delegate and companions were obliged to put up at a miserable inn, far remote from any other human habitation. In this cheerless abode lay an English officer, racked upon the bed of sickness. The sad condition of the unhappy officer was made known to the passing clergymen. One of them charitably remained behind his companions to watch by the sick man who was even a stranger to the Catholic faith. He soothed the bitter pangs of his suffering by words of sweetness and consolation, and nursed him with all the tenderness of a parent: nor did he leave him until he was restored to health and strength. That good Samaritan, who stopped by the wayside to minister to the wants of a sick and an afflicted stranger, was Mastai Feretti, the present illustrious pontiff, Pius IX!

During one of his apostolic journeys in Chili, in a remote district, he found a miserable hut in which an old man, the father of a large family lay at the point of death. The heart of the compassionate Mastai was deeply affected at the sight. Here was another sufferer to assist, another soul to save. He stayed his journey and pitched his tent by the side of the sick man's cabin. The unfortunate sufferer was attacked by one of those diseases that baffle all human efforts, and his sands of life were already nearly run; the chief thought therefore of Mastai was to prepare his soul for heaven. In this he was successful. The dying man was penetrated by his charitable exertions, by his words of tender compassion, and by the tears that flowed from his eyes. He asked for and received baptism. The wife and children of the sick man were subsequently baptized.

In a few hours after this imposing ceremony, the head of the family died in the arms of the charitable priest, who had never ceased up to this moment to assist him, to console him, and speak to him of God and heaven. When the soul had departed, Mastai closed the eyes of the deceased, wrapped the body in a part of his own clothing, and assisted in bearing it to a grave which he himself had dug beneath the shade of a spreading tree. Before his departure he erected over the grave a wooden cross, and after imparting to the desolate family words of comfort and consolation, he proceeded on his journey, bearing with him the prayers and blessings of the widow and orphans.

On his return to Rome his friend and patron, the venerable Pius VII, was no more. The chair of St. Peter was occupied by Leo XII, who immediately appointed him to the presidency of the hospital of

San Michael. He had only occupied this position about eighteen months, when it pleased the same pontiff to elevate him to the archiepiscopal See of Spoleto. The new archbishop entered upon the responsible duties of his station with that zeal and energy which had already marked his early missionary labors. In the city of Spoleto he founded a large orphanage for poor children intended for the mechanical pursuits. This institution, like the school *Tata Giovanne*, which he had formerly directed, was the more praiseworthy, as being established not merely as a temporary organization, but as one that in future times and for future generations was to relieve the destitute and remain a perpetual monument of his benevolence and charity.

In the very beginning of his episcopal career, he was destined to experience a foretaste of those difficulties which afterwards cast a gloom over the first years of his pontificate. In 1831, a partial insurrection broke out in the States, which, however, was soon suppressed, by the aid of the Austrian troops. During this disturbance, a body of 4,000 of the insurgents took refuge in Spoleto. This was a trying moment for the archbishop. No immediate assistance was at hand; nevertheless, he did not abandon his flock, nor lose courage in the emergency. Partly by entreaties and partly by promises of a few thousand scudi, he so far prevailed over the troops as to induce them to return to their allegiance, and yield up their arms to the constituted authorities.

In the year following the insurrection, an earthquake laid desolate a great part of the province, and thus a new field was opened to the charity of the archbishop. Every where he hastened to the relief of those who were most distressed, visiting and administering consolation to those districts whose inhabitants had no shelter except temporary huts. The faithful pastor suffered with his flock, and made their misfortunes his own.

In 1832 Gregory XVI, the successor of Leo XII, translated Mastai from the archiepiscopal See of Spoleto to the episcopal See of Imola, less in dignity, but a more important See, and required to be filled by a man of energy and experience. The new incumbent of the See of Imola soon realized the hopes which Gregory had conceived of his character. It was not long before he had gained the love and veneration of his diocese. As at Spoleto, the afflicted called him father, the poor their benefactor. More than once, like St. Martin, did he divide his garments among them; more than once, he despoiled his house, when his exhausted purse sufficed no longer to supply those who solicited his charity. His unknown prodigality, frequently bordering on indiscretion, often embarrassed his major-domo in the management of his household.

One evening the old man presented himself before his master, and trembling with agitation, said: "The fifty crowns which were in your

desk this morning have disappeared, and at this moment I have not a single bajocco to meet the requirements of to-morrow."

"But why trouble yourself," said the illustrious prelate, "has not our good God, who feeds the birds of the air, promised us daily bread?"

"That is very true; but your Eminence knows that we already are in arrears in our accounts; and as I have said, we have not a single bajocco."

"Well, to-morrow is Friday, a day of abstinence, and you may give me some common cheese for breakfast."

On another occasion the attention of the bishop was attracted by a loud altercation in his ante-chamber. On going out to learn the cause, he found his servants in a high state of excitement, each accusing the other of having abstracted a silver dish-cover, and the major-domo insisting in very strong terms that one or two of them should be instantly dismissed. "Send me away, then," said the charitable archbishop, "for I am the culprit." In fact, the good prelate had robbed himself the night before to assist a poor widow who was in the utmost state of destitution. Another day, after he was Cardinal, not being able to give away a part of his scarlet robe to a poor man, who appeared before him almost destitute of clothing, he gave him his major-domo's coat, and for some time dispensed with his servant's appearing in livery.

In 1839, he was decorated with the purple, being reserved *in petto* in the Consistory of December of that year, and was proclaimed Cardinal on the 14th of December, 1840.

In Imola, as at Spoleto, he promoted many and permanent institutions. Among others, a college for ecclesiastical students, whose means would not allow them to complete their studies in the episcopal seminary; and an orphanage for the maintenance of a limited number of the poorest class of children, destined for the mechanical arts, who were provided with their daily food, and were likewise provided with two good suits of clothing during the year. To the care of the Sisters of Charity the good bishop entrusted a conservatorio of female orphans; and founded two female schools under the direction of the same excellent sisters, one for the poorer class, and the other for the more wealthy.

Having accomplished these and other works, so congenial to his tender and compassionate nature, Cardinal Mastai crowned them all by one of exalted character. To found a refuge for female penitents had long been the object of his fondest wishes. To his mind was always present the touching spectacle, to use his own expressive words, of the "Lost daughters of the world soliciting admission to the fold of Jesus." For these unhappy beings his heart bled; and to afford them an asylum from the horrors of a life of misery and a death of despair, he freely sacrificed every available means. Out of his own private purse he purchased and fitted up a house for the reception of these outcasts, and also

for the nuns of that illustrious order of the Good Shepherd, who at his request were sent from the parent house at Angiers to take charge of the institution. With indescribable joy he welcomed the good sisters whom he so anxiously implored to come to his assistance in this noble work of charity. The good religious were filled with gratitude for the kindness lavished on them, and at first not a little embarrassed by the attention shown them by a prince of the church, who himself waited on them while they sat at table.

The time was now drawing near when the illustrious bishop of Imola was to quit the scene where he had so long and so zealously labored. In the early part of June, 1846, while engaged with a large number of his clergy in a spiritual retreat, he received the announcement of the death of Gregory XVI. On the receipt of this sad intelligence, he hastened to the episcopal residence, and having celebrated the last obsequies for the deceased pontiff, repaired at once to Rome, unconscious of the exalted dignity which there awaited him. He arrived in the capital on the evening of the 12th of June, and on the morning of the 15th, with his brethren of the Sacred College, he entered the conclave which selected him to fill the vacant chair of St. Peter.

The manner in which Cardinal Mastai accepted the supreme pontificate, strongly exemplified his extraordinary humility. When the final ballot was taken and it was ascertained that the choice of the Sacred College had fallen on him, his emotion was so great that he sank into his chair, like one overpowered by some sudden calamity, and when the cardinal sub-dean asked his acceptance, according to the appointed formula, he was obliged to pause for some time in the midst of the interrogatory. After a short delay, Mastai calmly replied to the following effect: "Others would have been more worthy than I of the important station to which the Sacred College has just called me, but as a servant of Jesus Christ, having been long accustomed to deny my own will, I now obey that of God." The Prefect of the ceremonies, acting in quality of secretary of the apostolic see, then proceeded to draw up the act of acceptance. The two first cardinal deacons then accompanied the newly elected pope to the sacristy of the Pauline Chapel, where they clothed him in the pontifical robes, three suits of which are usually prepared of different sizes. They then conducted the pontiff to a seat placed on the plane of the altar of the chapel, where Pius IX received the first obedience and the first homage of the cardinals, who approached in turn to kiss his hand and to receive his double embrace. After this ceremony, the Cardinal Carmerlengo put on his hand the Fisherman's ring.

As the election took place late on the evening of the 16th of June, it was not publicly announced until the morning of the following day. In the meantime the newly elected pontiff announced to his brothers at

Sinigaglia, his elevation to the papal dignity, in the following letter, so truly characteristic of modesty and humility :

"ROME, 16th June, at $\frac{3}{4}$ past 11, P. M.

The blessed God, who humbles and exalts, has been pleased to raise me from insignificance to the most sublime dignity on earth. May his most holy will be ever done. I am sensible to a certain extent of the immense weight of such a charge, and I also feel my utter incapacity, not to say the entire nullity of my powers. Cause prayers to be offered for me, and you also pray for me. The conclave has lasted forty-eight hours.* If the city should wish to make any public demonstration on the occasion, I request you will take measures—indeed I desire it—that the whole sum so destined be applied to purposes which may be judged useful to the city by the chief magistrate and council. As to yourselves, dear brothers, I embrace you with all my heart in Jesus Christ; and, far from exulting, take pity on your brother, who gives you all his apostolic blessing."

M.

To be continued.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XVII.

THE SISTERS OF ST. BRIDGET.

IRELAND was not only the island of saints; it was to no inconsiderable extent the cradle of monasticism in the west. The religious life was new in Gaul in the day when St. Patrick studied at Marmoutier and Lerins, and it received its greatest impulse from him in that land which he evangelized. The monastic rules which originated in Ireland spread afar, and one, the famous rule of the undaunted Columban, long disputed Christendom with that of St. Benedict. For centuries the Irish monks were the legislators of monasteries in the isles and on the continent, restoring ecclesiastical and secular learning, the founders of modern schools of mathematics and philosophy, the first to call for and show the necessity of that reformation of the Calendar which a successor of Peter effected two centuries ago.

But while the rule and spirit of the Irish monks is thus known, while

*The conclave was divided into what was called the Genoese party and the States or Roman party. The former cast their ballots for Cardinal Lambruschini; the latter for Cardinals Mastai, Soglia, and Falconieri. On the first ballot, on the morning of the 15th of June, Cardinal Lambruschini received fifteen votes, and Cardinal Mastai only thirteen. At the evening ballot, Lambruschini's vote fell to thirteen, and Mastai's increased to eighteen. On the following morning the voices for Lambruschini fell to eleven, while Mastai gained twenty-seven. That evening, at the fourth and last balloting, the chief of the Genoese party had only ten votes, while Cardinal Mastai received thirty-six. Then the whole Sacred College rising in a body, confirmed the election by *acclamation*.

even in foreign chronicles* these are handed down, less is known of the Irish virgins who consecrated themselves to God.

St. Patrick not only converted the mass of the Irish nation to Catholicity, not only leveled the idol and the pagan shrine, not only implanted in the willing hearts of the impulsive people the precepts of the gospel, but endeavored to lead the elect souls that he met in the way of perfection, opening before them the rich treasures of the counsels of Christ. Men and women alike entered the way of perfection and aspired to practice the evangelical counsels. Poverty, chastity and obedience were the standards around which so many gathered that numbers seem too limited to enumerate them. St. Patrick's Confession, of which it were idle here to show the authenticity, gives us the earliest trace of Irish nuns.† "The sons of the Scots and the daughters of the chieftains," says the Holy Apostle, "are beheld becoming monks and virgins of Christ. And there was one blessed, noble, beautiful Scottic maiden whom I baptized, who came to us a few days after and revealed that she had received a warning from a messenger of God, who counseled her to remain a virgin of Christ and so draw nigh to God. And, thanks be to God, on the sixth day after, she eagerly and most wisely carried out her design, as all God's other virgins do, not by the wish of their parents, nay suffering persecution and false vituperations from them. And nevertheless the number increases."

There are some who think that St. Bridget herself is here meant. But of all the virgins of Erin she stands preeminent. Born of the chieftain Dubtach, she was like her of whom St. Patrick speaks, noble, beautiful and blessed. At Kildare, the cave of the oak, she kindled her sacred fire, and having received the veil from the apostle of her country, and doubtless her rule of life, gathered around her a community of virgins, whom she guided and directed in the way of God. The fame of her sanctity filled the island; and a reverence was paid to her second only to that given to the apostle in his lifetime. When he was no longer on earth to guide his infant church, prince and prelate, the monk and the peasant alike sought the counsel and the prayers of Bridget. Her miracles were renowned throughout Christendom: not only in Ireland, but in Scandinavia her name was given over the sacred font to the child of the devout, and Sweden's sainted queen did not disdain to bear the name which England once honored, but now seeks to lower.

* Aliquid haurire ex antiquis vites Sanctorum Hiberniæ ab Hibernis scriptis vel de iisdem nisi contumeliose disserere hodie signum hæreseos, prave que animi censeatur. Nihil igitur ea de fonte proferre possumus.

† Rideat autem et insultet qui voluerit, ego non silebo, neque abscondam signa et mirabilia quæ mihi a Domino monstrate sunt. *Confession* (edition of Villanueva, p. 204.)

The convent of Kildare founded by St. Bridget, subsisted for many centuries; but her rule has perished. It would seem evident, however, from incidents related by her biographer, Ultan, and from the ninth canon of the synod of St. Patrick, that the consecrated virgins were not then cloistered, although they took the three solemn vows of religion. The chanting of the divine office of the whole psalter daily, made the land so lately pagan resound with the praises of God. Schools too were doubtless formed in these convents, and the wonderful beauty of the manuscripts that came forth from the scriptoria of St. Bridget, has given rise to more than one legend.*

With the English conquest the monastic rules of the Irish saints disappeared, and England a few centuries later razed to the ground the monasteries and convents of continental orders which she had introduced. In the last century, Ireland obtained a little freedom. Miss Nagle, one of the heroic women of Christianity, established a convent of the Ursuline order and founded herself the order of Sisters of the Presentation, the first religious order created in Ireland since the English conquest. Following this came the Sisters of St. Bridget, who take their name from her whose name is so dear to her race.

This congregation was founded in 1806 at Tullow in the county Carlow, by the Rt. Rev. Daniel Delany, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. This estimable prelate, born at Mountrath, in Queen's Co., was educated at the Irish college at Paris, if we are rightly informed, and was there not merely a fellow student, but the friend and associate of Dr. Lanigan. Both solidly pious, full of zeal and thirsting to labor with the utmost efficacy in the missions of their native land for which they were preparing, these two young clergymen, both destined to be bishops and ornaments of the Irish Church, even then projected the foundation of religious orders devoted to the cause of education, that work of mercy which the wiles of error have rendered of more importance, as the necessity is greater.

On his elevation to the United sees of Kildare and Leighlin, Dr. Delany, whose means were ample, resolved to found two orders, one of men, the other of women, whose aim and object should be the direction of the parochial schools. The community of men he styled Brothers of St. Patrick, and as he presided over the diocese of Kildare, which took its name from the cell of St. Bride, and filled a see to which by her exertions the first bishop, Conleath, had been appointed, he called the community of women, Sisters of St. Bridget.

The corner stone of this new institute was Miss Mary Catharine Dawson, one eminently qualified by education and by her advancement in spiritual life, as well as by her administrative talent, to be the direct-

* In Wedgwood's *Palaeographa Sacra Pictoria*, are some facsimiles of a very ancient Irish manuscript of the Gospels, ascribed seven centuries ago to St. Bridget.

ress of a new community. She formed her sisters by counsel and example, and was repeatedly elected to the office of superior. Indeed at every triennial election from the institution of the order to the close of her life, Mother Catharine was chosen. She survived Dr. Delany for many years and died on the 25th of August, 1841.

Two years after the foundation of the parent house at Tullow, a second house was established at Mount Rath, of which Mother Joseph Fitzpatrick, though only nineteen years of age, was made Superior, and justified the choice by her successful direction of the community and of the schools committed to their care.

Dr. Delany had thus solidly established his order, and soon after having drawn up provisional rules, closed his earthly career on the 9th July, 1813, to be welcomed, we may hope, in the eternal mansions, by the holy patroness of his new order, whose work he had thus restored.

The rule of the sisters embraces the three vows of religion, and has special reference to the direction of parish schools. The costume adopted was that of the Sisters of the Presentation: a black habit with a train and large sleeves, a leathern cincture, to which a rosary is attached. The guimpe is of white linen, the veil of the professed, as in other orders, black—of the novices, white. The cloak which is worn on festivals is white.

After the death of the founder, the Rt. Rev. James Doyle was raised to the united sees of Kildare and Leighlin, and the rule, under which the sisters actually live, was drawn up by that great and gifted bishop.

The order was duly sanctioned and the rule confirmed by Pope Gregory XVI, who thus placed it on a stable foundation.

His successors have protected this diocesan institute, and of late years a third house has been established at Abbeyleix.

A convent also exists in the United States, having grown up beneath the shelter of St. Bridget's church, in Buffalo. Its origin was what in human affairs men call accidental. A brother of one of the sisters at Tullow had emigrated to America, and writing from Wisconsin, invited his sister to come with some other sisters to found a house in the city where he was. He depicted the necessity for the institute, and the desire of the pastor of the place to secure their services, stating that he had actually built a convent for their reception. So explicit a letter was not to be disregarded. Dr. Healy, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, considered it so satisfactory that he authorized any two sisters whose zeal and courage prompted them to volunteer for the good work, to undertake the long journey. Accordingly in 1853, Sister Mary Angela McKay and Sister Mary Foran came to New York in company with the sister of the director of the house at Tullow. Having previous to starting written to Wisconsin, they expected to be met there by the clergyman on whose supposed invitation they had come: but to their

utter disappointment, no tidings came from Wisconsin, either from him or from the one who had written ostensibly in the clergyman's name. They now applied to Bishop Henni, who hitherto ignorant of the affair, now kindly invited them to Milwaukee and placed them at Kenosha. Here, however, they failed to establish themselves, and after two years struggle removed to Buffalo, where the free and select schools of St. Bridget's parish have been confided to their care.

The community at present consists of several members, and seems destined to perpetuate itself by the reception of new members.

POETRY.

Continued from page 31.

It is one of the secrets of the poetic art to make the aspect of external nature correspond to the sentiment or feeling depicted; to make nature mourn, or rejoice, or rage, as the case may be. So, when King Lear, old, mad, ill-used by his "two pernicious daughters," is thrust out into the darkness and the storm—the storm is only in keeping with his own rage, while he speaks thus:

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanoes spout,
 Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires
 Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world;
 Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once
 That make ingrateful man!

Rumble thy belly full! spit fire! spout rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters;
 I tax not you ye elements with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
 You owe me no subscription; then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man!"

And here again, where one mourns for his friend who is dead, you will perceive that the whole scene is in accordance with his sorrow:

"Dark house, by which once more I stand,
 Here in the long unlovely street,
 Doors, where my heart was used to beat
 So quickly, waiting for a hand,
 A hand that can be clasped no more,—
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
 But like a guilty thing I creep
 At earliest dawning to the door.
 He is not here; and far away
 The noise of life begins again,
 And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
 On the bald street breaks the blank day."

The house is *dark*; the street is *long, bald, and unlovely*; the day is *ghastly, and blank* as it breaks thro' the drizzling rain—all in perfect keeping with his own wild grief, that can see no beauty, because his friend is not.

But the material and intellectual spheres are not enough, the visible world itself is a field too narrow for the poet. His power transcends the natural, and the present, to give us glimpses of the supernatural and divine.

He lifts us from the mutability of earth, that we may rest for a space on unchangeable and eternal things.

The objects of the *material* world he *uses* to *suggest* the *spiritual*. And this is the third and highest field; namely, the regions of the imagination—the regions of dark and hopeless anguish—and the regions, towards which our faces are turned, where no night comes, where the presence of Jesus makes one eternal day of blissful repose. By the help of the next two pieces the transition may be made from the human and material, or middle ground, to the human and divine, or highest ground of poetic composition. The first poem is of the earth; the second is an imitation, in form but not in substance, of the first.

"Knows't thou the land? 'tis where the citron grows,
Mid dark green leaves the golden orange glows,
A gentle breeze wafts from the asure sky,
O'er silent myrtles soar the laurels high,
Say, dost thou know it?

There with thee,

O my beloved one, would that I could flee!
Knows't thou the house? its wall on pillars lean,
Bright its saloons, its halls of dazzling sheen;
There marble forms seem, while they gaze on me
To say, "Poor child, what have they done to thee?"
Say, dost thou know it?

There with thee,

O my protector, would that I could flee!
Knows't thou the mountain with its cloud-capped road?
Amid the fog the mule toils with its load,
In dark caves dwells the dragon's ancient brood
The rent rocks fall, and o'er them foams the flood.
Say, dost thou know it?

There, with thee,

My path doth lie, O father, let us flee!"

The following is an imitation of the above:

Knows't thou the land? there, flowers immortal bloom,
And fruits unknown on earth exhale perfume,
There, fadeless bliss illumines unfading eyes,
And songs of gladness from all hearts arise;
Say, dost thou know it?

There, with thee,

O my beloved one, would that I could flee!
Knows't thou the house? bright are its pillared walls;
Its floors are pearl, and from its chrystal halls
Angels with radiant pinions as they see
Thee enter, say, "Saved one we welcome thee!"
Say, dost thou know it?

There, with thee,
 O my beloved one, would that I could flee!
 Knows't thou the mountain crowned with amethyst?
 Upon its God-lit sides the weary rest;
 There, Beauty, Truth, and Love immortal reign,
 And thy lost Eden is renewed again;
 Say, dost thou know it?
 Oh, with thee,
 And those my heart loves, would that I could flee!

The tender longing which the exile in a strange land has felt, is here expressed; and tho' the language is no better, and the measure precisely the same as in the first poem, yet by the dignity of the subject—Heaven—the mind is left in an attitude altogether different. Let us now descend, for a few minutes, to a place the very reverse of those peaceful regions we were sighing for; hoping we may never visit it, except in imagination:

"Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail—
 The parching air
 Burns froze, and cold performs the effects of fire.
 Thither, by harpy-footed furies haled,
 At certain revolutions, all the damned
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest. Thro' many a dark and dreary vale
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, pens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras dire."

This, and the following descriptions of *Sin* and *Death*, are fine specimens from the highest field of poetry:

"Before the gales there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
 With mortal sting; about her middle round
 A cry of Hell-dogs never ceasing, barked

With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal; yet when they list would creep,
 If ought disturbed their noise, into her womb
 And kennel there, yet there still barked and howled,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Vinacrian shore;
 Nor uglier, follow the night-hag, when called
 In secret, riding thro' the air she comes,
 Lured by the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
 Eclipses at their charma."

In this personification of *Sin*, there is a horrible sublimity; and the following picture is still more sublime, from its gloom and indistinctness:

"The other shape,
 If shape it might be called, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
 For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart. What seemed his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Though there is a kind of fascinating glare about those pictures of evil, we will willingly be lifted up among the spheres by the following stanzas, and view this world of ours, with its robe of clouds, and join the voices of the archangels in this astonishing song:

HEAVEN.—*Enter three Archangels.*

RAPHAEL.

"The sun makes music as of old
 Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
 On its predestined circle rolled
 With thunder speed; the angels even
 Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
 Tho' none its meaning fathom may;—
 The world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as on creation's day!"

GABRIEL.

"And swift and swift, with rapid lightness
 The adorned earth spins silently,
 Alternating elysian brightness
 With deep and dreadful night; the sea
 Foams in broad billows from the deep
 Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean
 Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
 Are hurried in eternal motion!"

MICHAEL.

"And tempests in contention roar
 From land to sea—from sea to land;
 And, raging, weave a chain of power
 Which girds the earth as with a band.

A flashing desolation there
 Flames before the thunder's way;
 But we thy servants, Lord! revere
 The gentle changes of thy day!"

CHORUS.

"The angels draw strength from thy glance
 Tho' no one comprehend Thee may;—
 Thy world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as on creation's day!"

Here is another exquisite little poem which has much of this elevating power:

"Deep on the Convent roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon;
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
 May my soul follow soon!

The shadows of the Convent towers
 Move down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord.

Make thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark
 To yonder shining ground;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark
 To yonder argent round,

So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee;
 So in my earthly house I am
 To that I hope to be.

Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
 Thro' all yon starlight keen
 Draw me thy bride a glittering star
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go!
 All heaven burst her starry floors
 And strews her lights below.

And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits
 To make me pure of sin.

The sabbaths of eternity
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom and his bride!"

Here the poet begins with familiar things, with the snow on the roof, and the shadows of the convent towers; then through beautiful and fitting similes he

lifts us to the "golden doors," and in the midst of flashing radiance he leaves us on the "starry floors" of heaven in presence of the Bridegroom, and the virgin form of St. Agnes.

A poetical thought is not easily degraded. If the beauty lie principally in the thought, and not in the clothing of the thought, it is like a well formed human being, full of grace and dignity, which grace and dignity appear in spite of poor garments.

Thoughts come unbidden—they are not manufactured. The old saying is true "The poet is born, not made." He stands in a particular *place*, at a particular *time*, and sees a beautiful truth in a particular manner; but he does not arrange the time, and the place, nor make his own power of vision—that belongs to Providence. When a thought is born in his mind, he, like a tender mother, must wrap the trembling thing in the best clothes he has; and even if his wardrobe should not be very rich, if the idea is fine, its beauty will shine through *somehow*.

It is said the poets of old preserved their MS. from decay with cedar oil—but beautiful thoughts contain a vitality within themselves, which is the only cedar oil that will preserve poetry. Particular forms of expression may change, but if an idea be beautiful and true, it lives immortal above destruction, and is a "joy forever." Should the poet see only the beauty of the external world, and the lower creation, he will select from, and sing of these, and add new beauty to simple natural things—his writings will belong to the lowest field.

Should he be gifted *more* highly—should he perceive the hidden forces of nature, and master the secrets of man's mind and heart, he will sing of these, and add new charms and graces to human actions, or sufferings, and the operations of nature. This poetry will take its place in the second field.

If he be more divinely gifted still, with vision of celestial beauty and eternal things—he will not, indeed, by all his power, add new grace, or sublimity, or abidingness to these, but he will help to raise our minds above this work-a-day world; he will enable us to perceive, by the instrumentality of *visible* things, beauties which were not visible before—regions which were untrod before. And his songs will belong to the third and highest field.

In their highest uses, music, painting, and poetry are the loveliest handmaids of religion. If they do not raise and refine the mind and heart, they are not genuine; or else they are degraded into base channels. As there is nothing in creation higher than a fair and virtuous woman—so a debased one sinks lower than any other object. And when these, all but divine, arts are dragged down to minister to corruption, we measure, in sadness, their fall from the height they ought to occupy.

It is, however, as if one would attempt to describe a world in an hour, to even glance at the nature and domains of poetry; and I have already exceeded my limits.

B.



ATHLONE CASTLE.

SKETCHES FROM IRISH HISTORY.—No. II.

ATHLONE IN 1691.—ITS DEFENCE AND ITS FALL.

LIKE almost every spot in Ireland, Athlone calls forth many deeply interesting reminiscences. Its sieges, its vicissitudes, the patriotism and bravery of its inhabitants in by-gone days, are themes which give more than an ordinary interest to its history.

Little is recorded in the early annals of Ireland of its origin, or its history. Its fame is derived chiefly from the part it took in the contest between James II and William III of England. It was famed of old as *pass-way* "out of Ireland into Connaught;" and many a sanguinary battle was fought under its walls long before the period of which we are about to speak. Its castle was famous even at the time of the Anglo-Saxon invaders: for when Henry granted the dominion of Ireland to his son, he expressly reserved to himself the Castle of Athlone; and subsequently when the province was granted to Richard de Burgo, the English king retained for his own special use "five cantreds of land contiguous to the fortress."

The bridge which unites it to the Leinster side of the Shannon, is dated back to the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This bridge was built under the direction of Peter Levis, an apostate monk who had abandoned his cell and the faith of his fathers, and assumed the office of preacher in the law church of England. Being a man of distinguished scientific and mechanical knowledge, he was entrusted by Sir Henry Sidney, in addition to his clerical duties, with the erection of this bridge. In a compartment of this structure is the figure of Levis attired in his Geneva attire, for it was from this city that he had come to Ireland. In his right hand is a badly designed pistol, and on this instrument of death is the figure of a *rat*, in the act of biting the thumb of the hand which holds it.

The legend connected with this strange representation is as follows: *Levis* for some previously to his death, had been haunted by a mysterious rat; where-soever he went it followed him. By day and by night; in bed and at meals; on horseback or on foot, this disgusting vermin pursued him. Even in church he was not free from its unwelcome attendance. One day he ventured to preach in the church of *St. Mary's*, and lo! the rat was there peering at him, during the whole of his sermon. This was too much for the divine to endure, and after descending from the pulpit, he drew a pistol, which the chronicle of the event informs us he always carried, to shoot the unsightly animal, when the sagacious creature to avoid the shot, leaped on the pistol as represented on the monument, and seizing the parson's thumb, inflicted such a wound as to bring on the lock-jaw, which terminated in the death of the unfortunate *Levis*.

The town of *Athlone* is divided by the river *Shannon* at the only place where it is fordable for a distance of twenty miles. After the battle of the *Boyne*, *General Douglas*, who commanded for *William*, laid siege to *Athlone*. At that time the place was defended by *Colonel Richard Grace*, an experienced officer, in whose skill and fidelity *James* placed every reliance. His reputation had been established during the wars of the *Commonwealth*, and he appears to have been the last person of distinction who resisted the republican power in *Ireland*. In 1652 a price of £300 was offered for his head. He was an old man when appointed governor of *Athlone*, and his enemies flushed with recent victory, anticipated an easy and bloodless triumph.

In this, however, they were mistaken. When the veteran colonel was summoned to surrender in July, 1690, he returned a most resolute defiance: "These are my terms," he exclaimed, discharging his pistol in the air; "these only will I give or receive; and when my provisions are consumed, I will defend my trust till I have eaten my boots."

Irritated by this defiant reply, *Douglas* closely invested the town, and carried on the siege with the utmost vigor. But his attempts were fruitless. His assaults were met with the most determined resolution and valor by the *Irish* soldiers and their brave old commander. The assailants were repulsed in every onset, and driven back with heavy losses. After many ineffectual attempts, *Douglas* was obliged to raise the siege, and retire in disgrace, leaving for a time the veteran *Irish* colonel in undisputed possession of *Athlone*.

This stronghold, however, was of too great importance to be left long in repose. Accordingly, we find *General Ginkle* early in the following summer invested the place with a strong force and heavy train of artillery. The portion of the town on the east bank of the river being almost entirely abandoned, fell an easy prey to the enemy. From this position the *English* cannon could easily reach the fortifications on the western side, and for some days an incessant discharge of balls and bombs was made. Breaches were soon effected, and on the 30th of June the attack was commenced, the signal for fording the river was given by the tolling of the church bell.

In the meantime *St. Ruth*, the *French* general who commanded the *French* and *Irish* forces, lay encamped in the neighborhood of *Athlone*, but with arrogant blindness for which no personal courage could make sufficient atonement, he permitted the *English* army to advance, until his co-operation was of no avail. As soon as the *English* forces had entered the river and manifested a resolution to pass it, an express was sent to his camp, where he was found en-

tertaining a party of friends in his tent. To the messenger he replied, that "It was impossible for them to take the town and he so near with an army to aid it;" adding that he would venture "a thousand pistoles that they durst not attempt it." Sarsfield, who knew his opponents better, and estimated them more justly, reproved the arrogant Frenchman in the following blunt reply :

"Sir, spare your money and attend to your duty; for I know that no enterprise is too difficult for British courage to attempt."

While the Irish officers were vainly endeavoring to arouse the imbecile St. Ruth to a sense of his duty and his danger, the battle raged fiercely under the walls of the town. Ginkle's forces having crossed the river with little opposition, rushed to the assault. They were met by the Irish forces with equal bravery. The venerable governor, sword in hand, led the brave defenders to the charge. But courage could not prevail against numbers. The aged and chivalrous Colonel Grace fell in the breach, and lay buried beneath hundreds of the slain. Athlone was taken, but the victory attests the superhuman valor displayed by the Irish in its defence. Historians tell us that Ginkle made himself master of the town in half an hour after he commenced the assault; but in that short half hour they also tell us that he lost more than *twelve hundred* of his men; while five hundred of its defenders are reported to have perished. It does not appear that any great excesses were committed by the English on the taking of the town.

St. Ruth was at length roused from his inactivity by the announcement that General Ginkle had actually passed the river and was in possession of the town. Even then his folly did not leave him, for when he was informed of these facts, said that he would order his army "to advance and beat them back again." Instead of this advancing to redeem the lost ramparts of Athlone, he found it necessary to raise his camp and retreat to Aughrim. Here he posted his forces advantageously, having had ample time to select his ground, and seemed determined to regain his lost character, or lose his life. Accordingly, on the 12th of July, 1691, was fought the memorable battle of Aughrim, which resulted in the defeat of the Irish forces, and the death of St. Ruth, who was killed by a cannon ball. Up to the moment of the fall of St. Ruth, the chances of the battle were in favor of the Irish; but owing to the fact, that he had not communicated his plans of operation to the Irish generals, either through contempt or jealousy, after that event confusion and defeat followed.

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away, passing away,"—
 A bright bird warbled in numbers gay,
 Pausing awhile on its quivering wing,
 Of its onward flight and its home to sing:
 "I joy to leave you, my northern bowers,
 Though grateful your shade in summer hours;
 For the cold, rough blasts have destroyed your bloom,
 And winter hath come with his chilling gloom;
 And homeward detained by no captive chain,
 I return to my native clime again.
 To cloudless skies, to a fairer land,
 I haste with a free and a joyful band.
 Gladly I carol my parting lay—
 Passing away, passing away."

COMMON SCHOOLS.

WE deem no apology necessary for the length of the extracts, which we take from the following article in the January number of Brownson's Review. Indeed, we only regret that our limits will not permit us to insert it entire. It bears the evidence of having emanated from a master hand; and is attributed without any shadow of mistake, to the pen of the illustrious Bishop of Louisville, whose voice has been so often and so eloquently raised in the cause of truth and religion, and in the vindication of Catholic rights in this country. This consideration, even apart from the importance of the subject of which it treats, will commend it to the attentive perusal of our readers, who have been often edified and instructed by able contributions to our own Magazine from the same distinguished writer:

The great question of the day, for us Americans, is, undoubtedly, that of Common School Education. Its practical importance can scarcely be exaggerated. Upon the system adopted for the education of our children, probably more than upon any thing else, depends the future of our Republic. If "the child be the father of the man," our children will certainly exhibit in their manhood those traits of character to which their young and susceptible natures were moulded under the parental roof, in the school-room, and in the Church. Soon will the men and women of the present generation be gathered to the tomb, and their children will take their places in the busy and ever-shifting drama of life; acting out therein their several parts according to their previous training. Nothing, then, can be of greater and of more vital importance to our future, than the sound education of our children.

No fact in history is better authenticated than that the Catholic Church has been, at all times, and under all circumstances, even the most discouraging, the munificent patroness and fostering mother of education, especially of the education of the poor, who have ever been her favorite children. She founded and liberally endowed almost all the great universities of Europe; those magnificent establishments which, during the Middle Ages, were the luminous courts of religion and science, of literature and the arts, and which annually sent forth into the most remote parts of Europe, thousands of highly educated young men, to become the pioneers of Christian civilization among rude and uneducated populations.

The benefits which the Church thereby conferred on mankind,—benefits which we now so largely share, without, probably, reflecting much on their origin,—are almost incalculable. Without her agency, civilization would have been impossible. But more than this; she was the first to establish Common Schools for the gratuitous education of the masses. From the days of Charlemagne in the ninth century, down to those of Leo X in the beginning of the sixteenth, Free Schools sprang up in rapid succession, over the greater portion of Europe, and generally under the shadow of her churches and her monas-

teries. Throughout the entire period which is designated by Protestants as that of the "dark ages," Roman Pontiffs, and Catholic Bishops, assembled in council, enacted laws requiring the establishment of such schools in connection with all the cathedral and parochial churches; and if these laws could not always be carried into effect, in consequence of the civil commotions which were then so frequent, it was surely no fault of the Church; for the Church was ever indefatigable in her efforts to calm down the passions of men which led to those bloody feuds, and to diffuse among the people, along with religious teaching, the elements of a sound Christian education. This has been freely admitted and clearly established by learned and enlightened men of every shade of religious opinion; by such men as Hallam, Maitland, Turner, Bishop Taurer, Guizot, the two Schlegels, Voigt, Hurter, and others.

These undoubted facts must be blotted out from the history of the past, before the enemies of the Church can make good their accusation, that she is opposed to the education of the people. The allegation that Catholics in this country are not favorable to the system of Common Schools, as here adopted, does not at all sustain the charge; for our opposition to the system does not grow out of any disposition to check or stifle the education of the many, which we are inclined, on the contrary, to promote by every means in our power, but it is founded on other reasons altogether different. It is because we conscientiously believe that our present Common School system is grievously defective and faulty; and that whether intentionally or not, it infringes our religious liberties, guaranteed to us by the Constitution, for the securing of which, the blood of our fathers flowed as freely as did that of those who would fain force on us their own crude and illiberal ideas of education. Minorities have rights as well as majorities; and when minorities have reason and truth on their side, they have even stronger and more valid rights.

We object to the Common School system as established in our free Republic,—freer in every thing else than in this,—because it compels us to pay taxes for the support of schools to which we cannot conscientiously send our children. The necessary result is, that we are forced to incur the enormous expense of erecting and supporting other schools for their education, if we would educate them at all; and we are thus doubly taxed, as were our fathers, the Catholics of Maryland, by the Protestant majority, merely because they were Catholics! Our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, who are vastly in the majority, and have the power in their hands, may make light of, and even deride our religious scruples on this subject; but we are simple enough to have a conscience, even when such a commodity is so very inconvenient, expensive, and unfashionable, and to say boldly to our opponents, that we would rather lose the whole world than offend God, risk our eternal salvation, or endanger that of our children. We are even antiquated enough in our notions to believe, that it is our sacred duty to rear up our children "in the discipline and correction of the Lord," and to bequeath to them, as the most valuable of all legacies, good religious impressions and a sound *religious* education. This is, we are quite sure, the most important element of education—ay, "the one thing necessary;" and this essential branch of instruction is not, and cannot be taught in our Common Schools, as at present constituted.

Our present system of Primary education either ignores religion altogether, or it teaches principles which we believe to be false or dangerous; or at best, it

confines religious instruction to certain vague and unmeaning generalities, which are, in their practical influence on the moral and religious training of children, probably worse than no teaching at all. Human nature is prone to evil, and it constantly needs the application of the moral and religious curb, especially during the slippery period of youth. To teach a child's head, is not to educate, much less to form his heart. Mere instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and book-keeping, will not train the pupil to self-denial, to virtue, and to the government of the passions. Such a system might do well enough for Pagans; it is certainly totally unfitted to Christians. It would develop—and it has already developed to a fearful extent in this country—that characteristic element in the morals of pagan society, which Horace satirizes in his *Ars Poetica*, as the one most prominent in the Roman youth of his day: *POST NUMMOS VIRTUS—AFTER MONEY VIRTUE*. Our youth are practically trained up under our Common School system, to make money, honestly if they can, but at all events to make money. They are, indeed, taught to be moral and virtuous, at least so far as it will be convenient and conducive to the main chance; knowing well that "honesty is the best policy," and that a moral man, reputed virtuous by his neighbors, will have much more weight in society, and will be much more likely to make money and be well to do in the world than one who has not such a reputation. Religion is all very well in its way, it makes a man respectable in this world, besides fitting him, probably, for the next; but it must not sit too heavily on us, much less clog our progress towards wealth and worldly eminence. Is not man a progressive being, and was he not made for society? what is the benefit of a religion which represses our energies and keeps us behind our rivals in the race of life? Religion must be adapted to the spirit of the age, or we will have none of it, and to be adapted to the spirit of the age, it must be very elastic, very "fast," and very progressive!

We do not mean to say that these maxims are expressly taught our youth, but there is little doubt, that the tendency of ignoring religion, and even of the meagre and bald religious instruction occasionally given in our Common School education, lies in this worldly and pagan direction. And such being the case, can reasonable and reflecting men wonder that those who have faith, and value aright the salvation of their own souls and the souls of their children, should be shy of our Common Schools, or even strongly opposed to them? That the religious scruples of Catholics on this subject are well, or at least very strongly founded, is apparent from the fact, that after paying the heavy taxes imposed by the State, they are impelled by their conscientious convictions to contribute vast additional sums of money for the establishment of such schools as they can safely patronize. In this utilitarian age, in which Mammon has far more worshippers than the living God, there can be no more striking evidence of a man's sincerity than his willingness to put his hand in his pocket, and to sacrifice his worldly treasures to the requirements of his conscience.

It is all well enough to say, that religious instruction is an affair of the parental hearth and of the Church, not of the school-room. But if the child has received defective or bad moral and religious training during the whole day or week, how is the parent to supply the deficiency or correct the wrong impression at night, or the pastor on Sunday? It is easy to teach children evil, or to let their passions run riot; it is exceedingly difficult effectually to teach them good, or to remove bad impressions. Besides, many parents are either not able or not

willing to impart religious instruction to their children at home; and even the most zealous pastor cannot always suffice for the proper religious instruction of all the children of his district, especially if these have been exposed during the week to other and dangerous influences. In the case of Catholic children frequenting our Common Schools, effective religious instruction by either parents or pastors thus becomes almost impossible. If such Catholic children are not expressly taught what is opposed to their religion, and if the school-books which they use are not tainted with anti-Catholic prejudice and misrepresentations,—which is too often the case,—they are often singled out as Catholics, and perhaps “foreigners,” by their school companions, and sometimes by their teachers, and become objects of ridicule. Thus numberless petty annoyances, are constantly brought to bear upon their tender minds. The result of this training is obvious. Either they become ashamed of their religion, grow suddenly much wiser than their parents, and laugh at their simplicity; or if they have the courage to hold out, they continue to be the laughing-stock of the school, and unless they have a taste for this species of martyrdom, they have to fly elsewhere for safety.

This is no fancy sketch, nor even an exaggeration. It is a picture drawn from life, and rather under than overdrawn. Our Common Schools, as at present organized, so far as we are acquainted with them, are no places for Catholic children, who are shut out from them as effectually as they would be by locks and bolts. Catholics are thus forcibly ejected from schools, which their money was extorted by law to erect, thus paying for what they cannot enjoy; and this, too, in a country boasting above all others of its freedom. It is not our Protestant fellow-citizens then, who have a right to complain of us in the matter of Common Schools; but it is we who have clearly a right to complain of them. It is the persecuted minority who may justly feel aggrieved by the tyranny of the persecuting majority; persecuting precisely because they are the majority, and under our laws have the *might* if not the *right* to persecute. For it is persecution, consider it in what light you may, to take a man's money by law, and then to refuse him the consideration for which this money was paid, unless on a condition which he cannot accept without sacrificing his conscience.

In a mixed population like ours, where there are almost as many religious creeds as there are heads, the education of the people through Common Schools, without infringing their religious liberty, is, we freely admit, a matter beset with manifold difficulties. Yet we do not believe that these difficulties are wholly insurmountable. What has been done, can be done again; and we are prepared to show that in communities very nearly similar to our own, the two things, general Common School education, under the auspices of the State, and religious liberty on the part of different religious denominations in the State, have been so far reconciled as to obviate, if not all the difficulties of the position, at least the more glaring of those wrongs to which we have referred above, as existing in our own Common School system. What has been accomplished and is now done under the monarchies of Europe, in favor of religious liberty, may be surely accomplished in this *free* country; unless, indeed, we are prepared to admit that we are practically less free than the monarchies of the old world, in which case our boasted love of liberty would be all a sham.

The learned author of the article in the Review then enters into an examination of the comparative conditions of Common School education in England, and under the several governments of the Continent, and shows from a late work on "The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe," by Joseph Kay, Esq., himself an Englishman, that in England, after all her boasting, less is done for the education of the masses, than in any other country in Europe:

While France expends annually for the promotion of popular education two million pounds sterling, or nearly ten millions of dollars, England expends only one hundred and twenty thousand pounds! While France has 59,838 elementary schools conducted under the auspices of government, England and Wales, with about half her population, has only 4,000! Not only is England immeasurably behind France and Austria in the matter of popular education, but also far behind all the German populations, whether Protestant or Catholic!

The author then proceeds to show that the great problem of separate schools has been practically solved by nearly all the governments of continental Europe. That France, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and even Switzerland, have separate schools for Catholics and Protestants, supported and maintained by government. In reference to this subject the author has the following remarks:

The two great difficulties in the way of education under the auspices or control of the State, are parental rights and differences of religious belief among the population. No system which glaringly violates either parental rights or religious liberty can be logically advocated, or can permanently succeed. This has been well understood by most of the Continental European governments which have established Common Schools; and all of them, with scarcely an exception known to us,—certainly no exception on the part of Catholic governments,—have adopted provisions to secure those rights, some, indeed, to a greater, some to a less extent. In all of them, with hardly an exception known to us, provision is made for the education of the children in the religion of their parents. In all of them, or nearly all, **SEPARATE SCHOOLS, RECEIVING THEIR REGULAR QUOTA OF THE SCHOOL MONEY,** are permitted by law, and whenever the parents in any particular locality, being of one religious sentiment, whether Protestants or Catholics, desire to found such schools. In almost all of them, religious instruction—not general, meaningless, or vague, but detailed and full—is deemed an essential and paramount part and element of Common School education. Religious instruction, in all of them, occupies the **FIRST PLACE** in the list of branches to be taught; and in all of them, a time is specially set apart for this highest and noblest department of education. In separate schools, the ministers of the Christian denomination to which the parents of the children belong, attend, at stated times, generally one hour each day, to impart religious teaching. In mixed schools, which are nearly equally divided, the ministers of the different denominations of the parents of the children teach regularly the Catechism to the children of their respective flocks; while in those mixed schools where there is but a small minority of Catholics or Protestants, the minority have the guaranteed right to retire during the hour devoted to religious instruction.

In not one of all the educational establishments of Europe, whether Protestant or Catholic, is there found any thing exactly similar to our own system; either in respect to compulsory taxes to support a system, of which the minority do not approve, and of which they cannot conscientiously avail themselves, or in regard to the principle of teaching either no religion at all in the Common Schools, or of teaching one of which any portion of the children taught, or their parents, would conscientiously disapprove. In not one of them, known to us, is there any compulsory sectarian reading or sectarian religious exercise or worship in mixed schools, with the obligation on children, whose parents conscientiously disapprove such reading or worship, to attend the same. While religious teaching is made, in nearly all of them, a co-ordinate and essential part of Common School education, to be imparted by their respective ministers to children of different religious persuasions, without directly or indirectly shocking the religious feeling, or infringing the religious rights of any, no one, not even in Germany, is compelled by law to send his children to any school of which he disapproves, provided he be able and willing to educate them elsewhere, either in separate schools, allowed and supported by the government, or in other good schools of his own choosing.

With these wise and liberal provisions, carried out in good faith, the European parent need have but little apprehension that his child will be seduced from the faith in which he wishes him to be reared up. It was reserved for our own free and happy republic to adopt a system of Common School education which makes no provision for religious instruction, elsewhere deemed so essential by all reflecting and candid Christians; which will allow of no separate schools receiving their quota of support from the School fund, created by taxing all alike, and which says to its Catholic citizens, "You will either send your children to our schools, where they will be taught no religion, beyond a few vague generalities, and will be practically brought up infidels, or will be trained up to sneer at the religion of their parents; or else you will pay your taxes for supporting these schools from which you can derive no possible benefit unless at the sacrifice of conscience, and then you may, if you choose, tax yourselves again to found such schools as your over-delicate conscience may find necessary!" There is, we venture to say, no educational establishment in all Christendom, outside of our own *free* country, which is based upon so unjust and detestable a tyranny of the majority over the minority as that which marks our own!

It is a remarkable fact, well worthy our serious consideration, that whereas Protestants have nowhere any reasonable cause of complaint, in regard to the Common School system, in those countries where Catholics are in the majority; on the contrary, Catholics are often aggrieved in their religious rights in communities where Protestants have the political ascendancy! A striking example of this is found in our own immediate neighborhood. In Lower Canada the Catholics are in an overwhelming majority, and in Lower Canada, Protestants are permitted to have separate schools for their children; in Upper Canada, on the contrary, where Protestants have the power, this equitable privilege of separate schools such as exist in Lower Canada, has been hitherto denied to Catholics, and a system of petty annoyance and proselytism has been adopted towards

the latter, very similar to that under which the Catholic minority is now suffering under the operation of our School system in our own republic.

So far as Catholics are concerned, the system of Common Schools in this country is a monstrous engine of injustice and tyranny. Practically, it operates as a gigantic scheme for proselytism. By numerous secret appliances, and even sometimes by open, but imperfectly disguised machinery, the faith of our children is gradually undermined, and they are trained up to be ashamed of, and to abandon the religion of their fathers. It were bad enough, if this were all done with the money of others; but when it is accomplished, at least in part, *by our own money*, it is really atrocious. It is not to be concealed or denied, that the so called literature of this country, the taste for which is fostered by our Common Schools, and which is constantly brought to bear on the training of our children, is not of a character to form their tender minds to wholesome moral principles, much less to solid Christian piety. In general, so far as it professes to be *religious*, it is anti-Catholic, and so far as it is secular, it is pagan. Some exceptions there probably are, but they are merely exceptions to the general rule, which is thereby confirmed.

The frightful increase of immorality among the youth of the rising generation, especially in that portion of the Republic where the Common School system is most fully carried out,—as in New England,—proves that there is something radically wrong in our educational system; so very wrong indeed, that the future stability of our country is thereby greatly endangered. Reflecting men of all shades of opinion begin to find this out, and to seek after an adequate remedy to the constantly growing evil, which threatens, in fact, to overwhelm our noble country, and this at no distant day, under the sweeping torrent of popular iniquity. Our public newspapers are becoming mere chronicles of horrid crimes;—of murders, adulteries, rapes, robberies, and the disgusting details of wide-spread licentiousness!

Education, like all other human pursuits, should be *free*, and a matter of free and general competition, leaving religion entirely untrammelled. Let the State establish a system of Common Schools, if it will, but let it not infringe either parental or religious rights. Let it even enact laws, if it will, requiring all parents to educate their children,—as is the case throughout Germany,—either in the Common Schools, or in some others of their own choosing. Let it levy an equitable tax upon all; but let it guarantee to all the benefit of the tax. Let it not adopt a School system which practically closes its doors against the children of any among the tax-payers. Let it make religious instruction, to be given in detail by the accredited ministers of the different religious denominations, an *essential* element of the educational system. Let it, like almost all other *Christian* countries, whether Catholic or Protestant, acknowledge *the right* in every denomination of Christians, to establish *SEPARATE SCHOOLS*, whenever they are in sufficient numbers in particular localities to warrant them in sustaining such schools. Let these separate schools be erected and sustained, like the rest of the Common Schools, and be subject to the inspection of State visitors, in regard to the standard of education therein adopted and carried out, but entirely *free* in the department of religious instruction. Let the provision be general for all religious denominations;—for Catholics ask and would accept of no favor or exemption. Let the children taught in these separate or parochial

schools, up to the standard adopted by the school law, as applied and enforced by the school visitors or superintendents, receive their quota of the Common School fund, created by taxing all, in proportion to the number of children taught. This would be fair and satisfactory to all.

If this equitable system be adopted in this country, as *it has been adopted* throughout almost all the nations of Europe, we have not a doubt of its full and complete success. It is, in fact, the only effectual remedy to the crying evils of our present School system. It may plead the experience of the past and the wisdom of the present, in its favor. It would tend to diminish the manifold evils of sectarianism, and would awaken a wholesome competition among the different classes of our population. It would guarantee religious liberty to every denomination of Christians, in accordance with the letter and the spirit of our noble Constitution. It would greatly increase, instead of diminishing, the number of scholars frequenting the public schools, because it would remove a crying injustice, and open wide the doors of our schools to all children. In our cities, particularly, where, under the present system, from a fourth to one-half of all the children of a suitable age to attend school are *shut out of the public schools*, it would increase the average attendance by fully that proportion. Nay, more,—and this is an argument specially adapted to the comprehension of our age and country,—it would render education *cheaper*,—for “competition is the life of business.”

CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

(From the French of Viscount Walsh.)

No. III.—Lent.

AT that season of the year when the severity of winter begins to pass away, when the warm gales of spring begin to make themselves felt, when society begins to tire a little of the pleasures and dissipations so eagerly indulged in during the cold weather, all at once, in Catholic countries, a universal silence overspreads the land, and folly sees her masquerades, her balls, and her routes, suddenly come to an end.

What is it that has so quickly restored the senses of the mad world?

Religion. She has strewed a little ashes on those wild heads and made them tame. These men, lately so uproarious in their merriment, have listened to a voice crying from the sanctuary:

“Remember, man, thou art but dust, and into dust thou shalt return!”

And this MEMENTO of a wholesome if unpleasant truth, pronounced by the Church, has been obeyed. Ash Wednesday has opened the holy Lent, and now are commenced the days of fasting and praying, of retreat and mortification. The man who now continues ignorant of his great end, who will not now make an exertion to rise out of the valley of the shadow of death, is indeed inexcusable. For religion, the loving mother of mankind, offers on all sides her light and her aid, her repose and her consolation. . . .

During the whole continuation of Lent, both in town and in country, in the

vast city cathedrals and in the humble village chapels, the holy word never ceases to resound; the ear of the Lord is open in his palace, and all that need pardon can approach him.

The Church lays aside every emblem of joy; her robes are violet, no flowers adorn her altars, and the pictures of Christ and his saints are draped in mourning.

The *Misere* and the *Parce Domine*, have replaced canticles of exultation, and the greater part of those christians who come to listen to the word of God, have been careful to obey one of his commands—they have observed the fast ordained by the Church. Before midday they have taken no food; but for their desire to have an opportunity of giving alms to the poor, they would have abstained from flesh meat during the whole forty days, and it is only in the evening, after sunset, that they will sit down to a frugal collation.

The most celebrated Fathers of the Church consider that this fast of forty days is an apostolical tradition, or at least that it dates very little later than the apostolical era. Many attribute its institution to Pope St. Telesphorus, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, a period when many of the disciples of the Apostles were still to be found on the earth. It is agreed, however, that during this pontificate there existed no statute of the Church enjoining the fast: it was only towards the middle of the third century that its observance began to be regarded as a law which, being established by degrees, at length was communicated throughout the whole Church. It was then that Lent was placed immediately before Easter, to serve as a preparation for that great festival.

At the present time, the Church, full of indulgence, has rendered the fast much easier to her children than formerly; our modern delicacy is almost shocked at the austerities of the ancient Lent. Even two hundred years ago, there could not be found in a large city ten families that did not observe the *black fast* from Ash Wednesday till Easter Sunday. If, on account of the sick, the butchers still continued to sell a few pounds of meat, it was never seen, and it was only by night that this kind of food was brought into the house. Wine too was forbidden for a long time.

In the midst of all these rigors, Religion, of course, has established dispensations. When the Church commands, it is necessary to obey. But when age, sickness, infirmity, poverty, stand in the way, the ministers of a God of goodness feel compassion, and never refuse dispensations to those that solicit them.

For a long time, the early christians restricted themselves to one meal a day, and that meal, from which every kind of savory food was excluded, was not eaten until after vespers, that is, in the evening. By degrees the custom of taking this meal at noon crept in, and the Church was obliged at last to tolerate it. This change led the way to another. On account of the great thirst caused by fasting, the custom of drinking a little wine or water in the evening was introduced in the eighth century among the order of St. Benedict.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, the monks, fearing that drinking without eating might be prejudicial to the health, thought it their duty to take a small piece of bread with what they drank in the evening. On such days, they filled up the usual supper time by extra reading in the refectory, and this they called going to the *Collation*, the Latin term for the study of the holy Fathers.

Thus the word *collation* passed insensibly from the reading of the conferences

to the slight evening repast, and began to acquire the same meaning out in the world, when the seculars finding the slender meal very conducive in diminishing the severity of the fast, thought proper to imitate the religious in that particular.

The origin of fasting is very remote, it is almost as old as grief. Abraham lamenting Sarah, Jacob bewailing Joseph, mingled fasting with their tears and their prayers.

Joshua and the elders of Israel remained prostrate before the ark from morning till night, without taking food.

But why multiply examples? In all countries, men in their hours of distress have felt the necessity of imposing privations on themselves, to guard against the scourges that threatened to overtake them; at all times, to turn aside misfortune, they have cried out to God, and endeavored to place tears and sacrificed pleasures between themselves and advancing adversity.

Lent is a commemoration of our Lord's fast of forty days in the desert. He, who had never sinned, of course did not need to do penance, but he had come to teach men mortification, and he wished every action of his life would be a model and an example.

Solitude, retirement, silence, temperance and sobriety were good things to teach men.

In the whirl and agitation of society, there is little room for grave and pious thoughts; exalting inspirations do not come from the street. Elias was in the desert when the spirit of the Lord carried him off in the fiery car. Silence and solitude are not like death; they impart a keener sense of individual existence to the soul. It would hardly be too much to say that God has allowed his angels to remain in the deserts to converse with the saints who repair there in search of repose.

This truce with festivity, then, this separation from pleasure, enjoined by Lent, is a good and salutary thing. We live in the world, we know all the allurements of parties and balls, and it is in sincerity that we ask: Is it around the expensive supper table, is it amid the crush of silks and feathers, that even one single good or great thought ever makes itself heard?

No. The most that can be said of the noisy pleasures of society is, that they occasionally numb or deaden our consciousness of pain. But retirement gives us peace and a quiet enthusiasm.

The one intoxicates, the other exalts.

In modern times, the presence of Lent is rather felt than perceived. Formerly, the external change in the manners of society was at least as great as the internal. In fact, nothing was more striking than the arrival of Lent after the joyous series of the festivals of Christmas, New Year's, Twelfth Day and Candlemas. On Ash Wednesday, men suddenly assumed another aspect. There was no longer the same noise in the cities, the same expression in the crowd. Instead of jugglers and mountebanks, the streets were full of pilgrims and penitents. In the evening, no more gay songs in the square, no more dances: nothing but pious hymns before the statue of the Virgin or of the patron saint. In the houses, no amusements, no feasting; the scanty meals were as frugal as those of the early christians. Accordingly, all these good souls eagerly looked forward for the arrival of the joyous festival of Easter.

Then indeed, did mirth, the daughter of innocence and peace, once more re-

turn to city and country, to hut and castle; and our fathers, in the exuberance of their spirits, indemnified themselves for their faithful observance of the severities of Lent.

There are people who are surprised at seeing society becoming so sad, so gloomy, and never laughing the good old laugh of the good old times. But the change appears easy of explanation. When the waters of a river have no banks to restrain them, they spread themselves over a large surface and are nowhere deep.

It is so with pleasure. When it can be indulged in every day, when it has no limits or restraints, it loses all its vivacity. We welcome its approach with the lip-smile which we extend to a guest that visits us too frequently. It would indeed be a vast benefit, if this languor, this loathing of ours, had brought with it wisdom, and contempt for vanities. But unfortunately, wisdom has not yet come; it is listlessness alone, and listlessness has never been good for soul or body.

DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

THE natural death of Queen Elizabeth was more morally appalling than the tragical end of her hated rival, Mary Stuart! "Days and nights were passed by her in sighs and tears. Her imagination conjured up the most frightful phantoms. At length she refused to go to bed, sitting day and night on a stool, bolstered up by cushions, seldom opening her lips, and declining all sustenance. For the Bishops and Lords of her council, with the exception of the Lord Admiral, she expressed the most profound contempt. He was of her own blood; from him, she consented to accept a basin of broth, but when he urged her to return to her bed, she replied that if he had seen what she saw there, he would never make the request.* To Cecil, who asked if she had seen spirits, she answered, that it was an idle question, beneath her notice. He insisted that she must go to bed, if it were only to satisfy her people. 'Must!' she exclaimed, 'is must a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word, but thou art grown presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die.' Ordering the others to depart, she called the Lord Admiral to her, saying in a piteous tone, 'My lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck.' He sought to console her, but she replied, 'No, I am tied, and the case is altered with me.' Her very last words, in reply to the applications made to her respecting the choice of a successor to the throne, were, 'I will have no rascal's son in my seat;' alluding to Lord Beauchamp, the son of Lord Hertford and Lady Catharine Grey."

Charles the First, addressing himself immediately before his execution, to Dr. Juxon, thus expressed himself: "I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father: I have on my side a good cause, and a gracious God." The monarch's last words were, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown!"

* Was it the blood-stained form of Mary Stuart?

Oliver Cromwell appears to have departed this life under the pleasing conviction of assured salvation. "Tell me," he said to Sterry, one of his chaplains, is it possible to fall from grace?" "It is not possible," replied the obsequious divine. "Then," said the dying man, "I am safe, for I know that I was once in grace." He then uttered a long prayer for the people, and expired in the course of a night rendered memorable in the superstitious imaginations of that epoch, by the violence of the storm which raged throughout its lapse. The Puritans discovered that nature herself had been convulsed at the death of their great protector; the Royalists believed, on the other hand, that on the wings of the whirlwind, demons had come to fetch his soul away!

The death-bed of Charles the Second, whose ominous reign had been fraught with such calamity to the Catholics, was rendered remarkable by the return of the dying monarch to that very religion which he had so bitterly persecuted. Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had pertinaciously proffered his ministrations, and proposed administering the sacraments, of which the elements were actually brought into the royal chamber: Charles, however, doubtingly said he would think about it. Availing himself of an opportunity to address his brother, the Duke of York, who knelt by the bedside, asked if he might send for a Catholic priest. "For God's sake, do," replied the king; "but will it expose you to danger?" The duke answered that he cared not for that; and ordering all the attendants to leave the room, introduced father Huddleston. To this reverend confessor, Charles expressed his desire to die in the communion of the Church of Rome; professed grievous sorrow for his past sins, and in particular for having deferred his reconciliation to that late hour; expressed his hope of salvation through the merits of our Saviour; and participated in the sacraments of penance, holy Eucharist, and extreme unction. A night of great suffering ensued. The queen sent to crave pardon of her expiring lord: "Alas!" he exclaimed, "poor woman, she beg my pardon! I beg hers, with all my heart; take back to her that answer."

The last moments of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth were marked by circumstances of unusual horror. "He had warned the headsman not to mangle him, as he had mangled Lord Russell; and the very admonition seems to have unnerved the man for the execution of his task. He took his aim so unskilfully or struck so feebly, that he inflicted but a slight gash, and the sufferer raising his body from the block, turned his head to the left side, as if he meant to complain. After two more strokes, life seemed to be extinct, and the executioner, alarmed at his own bloody work, threw down the axe, asserting with an oath that his heart failed him, and he would do no more!"

Lord Lovatt, at the age of eighty-four, demeaned himself on the scaffold with stoical heroism; jested with the executioner, and when he laid his head on the block, exclaimed, with all the ardor of a Roman patriot: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*"

The satirist Rabelais preserved to the last moment of his life the character he had always maintained for sneer and sarcasm. Although he had received all the rites of the Church, it was impossible for those who surrounded his death-bed to ascertain whether he died a believer or an infidel. He dictated his will in these terms:—"I am nothing worth, owe a great deal, and give the residue to the poor."



EVE MOURNING THE DEATH OF HER SON.

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

THE above beautiful illustration is selected from the Pictorial Bible Stories, by the Rev. Henry Formby of Birmingham, England, whose exertions to establish a series of illustrated books for Catholic youth, have been so eminently successful.

The death of Abel is a marked event in the early annals of mankind. Its history is told in a single sentence. The impious Cain, jealous of the virtues of his brother, rose up against him and slew him, thus perpetrating the first murder recorded in the history of our race, and defiling the earth with the unnatural crime of fratricide.

The death of the virtuous son of Eve has always been regarded as a type of the death of the divine Son of Mary. The causes which led to both were the same—jealousy, with its inseparable companion, pride, instigated the wicked Cain to imbrue his hands in the blood of his brother; the same unhallowed passions hurried the Jews to consummate the death of the Son of God. His virtues and goodness were a reproach to their own sinful and wicked lives; the crime of deicide was the consequence.

Eve, with a maternal heart bursting with anguish and grief, weeps over the murdered remains of her child; so also the sword of sorrow pierces the tender heart of the amiable mother of Jesus, as she receives the lifeless body of her beloved Son, as it is taken from the cross!

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THEIR IMPORTANCE.

In all ages the Church has seized upon the instruments of the world, and after she has sanctified them, has converted them to the service of heaven. God most often works by human means; and the Church, the spouse of Christ, has never deemed any human agency, not evil in itself, too weak or insignificant to be made conducive to her great work, the salvation of souls.

She found temples and altars and statues among the gorgeous palaces of heathen Rome, and upon the hill-tops, and amid the sacred groves, and in the rich cities which gemmed the wide domain of Imperial Cæsar—temples reared to false gods, altars that smoked with bloody and unholy sacrifices, statues of faultless beauty that personified vice and impurity for the idolatrous worship of the refined heathen world. Architecture, painting, sculpture were devoted to and had become identified with demon-worship: and the architect, the painter and the sculptor lived and profited by their beautiful, but sensual and idolatrous works. When the Church arose from her three centuries of burial in the Catacombs, like her Divine Master from the tomb, and ascended with Constantine to the throne of the Cæsars, triumphant and to triumph for ever, she did not strike down the temple, the altar, the statue: she had come to regenerate and purify man and his works, not to destroy them. She cleansed the temple of its idolatry and dedicated it to the service of the true God: she adorned it with the statues of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin and of the apostles and saints and martyrs, and she reared therein her altar of pure and holy and unbloody sacrifice. She became the inspiration of the artist, and she supernaturalized art. Through the ages that rolled on, she rapt up to her high and holy purpose all the human power, and capacity and sense of the beautiful. Art was no longer sensual, no longer material, no longer corrupt and impure; but elevated, spiritualized, the obedient handmaid of religion. The canvas, glowing with faith and heavenly beauty and embodying divine truth, spoke to men of all tongues the same wondrous lesson, and like the miraculous words of the apostle, it was received and understood by each in his own tongue. It needed no interpreter; it became the perpetual figure and memorial of the miracle of the pentecost.

Touched with fire from heaven, the human face and form became radiant with a portion of heavenly beatitude, and of life of such glorious beauty, as Phidias and Apelles never dreamed of, nor human genius alone ever conceived: and, even now and here, the canvas of Murillo, and the patiently wrought ivory of the unknown monk, ever preaching with the living eloquence of embodied thought the wondrous mystery of the Immaculate Conception, and of the Divine Incarnation and Atonement, awaken an irrepressible religious awe and veneration in the breasts of those who are strangers to the faith and inspiration as well as to the language of the great Spaniard, and the humble Italian. From the foul impurity of the yet exquisite art of the buried cities at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, from the lascivious beauty of the gracefully wrought vases, the inimitable basso relievos, and the rich paintings of the halls of luxury and sin,

from the nobler yet still sensual and material embodiment of the human form, and even some of the human virtues, in the statues of the heroes and demi-gods of heathenism, Religion raised up, transformed and inspired the genius of art to produce those high and holy works that strike to sudden silence even the gay and thoughtless, and compel the irreverent and the scoffer to bow with uncovered head in mute and instinctive homage before the faith-breathing and heavenly beauty which irradiates them like a halo of glory.

The Church was the patron, the creator of Christian art. Before her, man was capable only of natural excellence; she raised man to the supernatural and inspired his genius to a lofty success that seemed almost supernatural. Yet all men did not possess this divine afflatus: and the life of genius cannot well be copied. Its form, its outline, and the dead body of its work may be reproduced, but the evanescent spirit that lives only under its magic touch, cannot be transferred by less skillful hands. Nevertheless the faithful copyist, repeating the great masters, like the patient monk transcribing ever and ever the sacred volumes of old, multiplied these picture sermons; and the churches and public places every where were filled with memorials that recalled alike to the learned and the unlearned at a glance, the lessons of faith, and the models of a holy life.

With the origin and progress of the press arose new necessities. Popular religious teaching had been oral and in the churches, and indeed to a considerable extent continued to be, until the multiplication and cheapness of books, and the still later introduction of newspapers and journals rendered it proper that this great engine should be brought forward more prominently and made the instrument of combating general errors, the vehicle of conveying sound instruction and edification, and thus, like the older arts, become the handmaid of religion. Error had run riot with the press, and at one period seemed almost to have claimed it as its peculiar instrument. But the press has never yet been so entirely perverted as were painting and sculpture to the service of the enemy of man, yet the Church elevated painting and sculpture to the service of God and the edification of man: and so it will be with the press. She has ever struggled for its possession, and she will yet possess it. As she has inspired and still inspires great artists, so she has inspired and will continue to inspire great and earnest publicists and send them forth to battle in defence of truth against the delusions of the world, the flesh and the devil. Yet in these great struggles the literature of youth was too much overlooked and neglected.

Modern art added to the power of the press, the power of the painter's art, rude and unseemly at first and little like the costly works of the best engravers, but still attractive to the uncultivated taste and improving in artistic execution with the extension of the patronage which it invited, until now, the cheap magazines, the newspapers, and the very toy books of the children, sustained by the wideness of their circulation, are illustrated with engravings of great skill and beauty. Unfortunately most of these books, magazines and papers are at least dangerous to the Catholic, many of them openly at war with his faith; not a few with Christianity, and some subversive of all morality. Of this class, those that profess the greatest liberality are perhaps not the least fatal. The Catholic reader will be startled and repelled by the open hostility and avowed assault, but he may find his faith at last gradually weakened and undermined by an insidious liberalism.

But it is for the young that these works offer the greatest temptations and

possess the greatest dangers. Youth naturally love pictures and beautiful pictures, for the love of beauty and the capacity to enjoy it, is fresh and untarnished in their hearts; and the picture presents to them, as it were, the reality of a fact or an idea which they at once take in and comprehend, and store away as the form and figure of an event which had passed before their eyes. Pictorial books, uniting the old art once so elevated by the Church, with the newer one she is struggling to elevate, are now in the hands of all,—pictorial books for the young and the unlearned, and elegantly illustrated works of a still higher order for the mature and the educated. Pictorial books are the toys of children now; and their first lessons are learned in their eager haste to know the history of the illustration that attracts their eyes. Silly stories, some of but doubtful moral tendency, illustrated toy books, and even primers and spelling books that are but half-concealed Protestant tracts, pictorial "Histories" and "Lives," by "Uncles" and "Aunts" of every possible name and surname, deeply tainted with prejudice and sowing broadcast the seeds of error, are scattered in myriads over the land, and too often pass indiscriminately into the hands of Catholic youth, resulting in the weakening of parental authority, a growing indifference to the Church, irreverence for holy things and final loss of faith.

We remember well the avidity with which in early youth we swallowed up the contents of volume after volume of "Peter Parley," and though, as far as we remember, these books were for that period comparatively less prejudiced than the general run of books of the sort, we formed many notions and received many impressions which it required years afterwards to eradicate.

Every book teaches, even if it be only by implication and by deduction from the words of the barest narrative, more or less of moral or religious principle or the reverse. No man can narrate a fact without giving it the tinge of his own thought and conveying with it, to some slight extent at least, the measure of his own judgment upon it. Those, therefore, who set out to write books for children, cannot, if they would, free them from the expression of their own views, and accordingly we find that even the least objectionable of those books from Protestant sources, present when closely analyzed the germ, so to call it, of the Protestant thought and doctrine. This, the strong and well developed Catholic mind would reject and perhaps pass unnoticed, but it would bury itself in the delicately sensitive mind of youth, fully open to the slightest new impression, expand and go on developing itself alongside of and counter to the Catholic teaching, often, from want of opportunity, capacity, or attention on the part of the parent, too insufficiently given to eradicate the evil seed, and at length end in that indifference and loss of faith sadly exhibited in some out of the recent generations of Catholic children in this country. This result was aided and hastened by other outside influences of association upon the mind of the Catholic child, particularly of the uneducated, in the midst of Protestant communities. The monthly, or even, in some of the most favored localities, the weekly catechism class did not protect the young mind entirely from the baleful effects of the month's or week's breathing in the atmosphere of error, besides the temptation of pictorial tracts assiduously cast into every door, and illustrated papers and toy books, fatal gifts of designing or inconsiderate friends, instilling an insidious poison, which many parents are too unsuspecting or too indifferent to discover and correct. There were no fascinating Catholic books for children, and few but the rudest pictures. There was the small catechism,

only remembered by some as a hard lesson to be learned; but there was little to awaken in the young mind all its natural sense of material beauty, and, by connecting it with and displaying through it the beauty of the faith and teaching and history of the Church, seize hold of the warm fancy, and, filling all the wants of the imagination, make its indelible impressions upon the heart, while it instructed the reason and fortified the understanding against all outward hostile impressions. We speak from experience. In the large rural congregation, where our earliest years were passed, regular semi-monthly catechism classes were held by the good pastor whose whole time was divided among several considerable and widely distant churches, as is still generally the case throughout the country in consequence of the small number of our priests, and the wide territory over which their people are distributed. His whole attention might well have been fully absorbed by one charge, but all had to be attended as well as under the circumstances, could be done. He had little opportunity therefore to watch over the particular training of each family and to observe and supply all deficiencies. In some families there were daily, in some weekly lessons and instructions, in some children were left to their outside associations, until the returning church Sunday recalled them to the crowded class. There were no Catholic child's books, or illustrated Bible stories, and no Catholic Youth's Magazine, such as the excellent one now issued and within the reach of the poor, or which those of the congregation in better circumstances could, at a little cost, have placed in the hands of all the children, whether of poor or negligent parents, affording them an innocent, attractive, yet highly instructive source of amusement, and one calculated at the same time to arm and protect them against outside evil influences. It was, as it is still in many places, all the other way. There were mixed schools, mixed associations; and the attractions, the illustrations and the amusements were against or at best indifferent to the teachings of the Church, and therefore calculated to render the child indifferent to them. Of these earlier classes, some grew up good and faithful children of the Church, of some we have lost sight, and others, less carefully guarded, have been lost to the Church and wandered into other folds. Many of these last might have been saved, had the teaching of the parent,—for upon that to a greater degree here than elsewhere, owing to the scarcity of priests in many portions of our country, must the planting of the faith in the minds of the young depend,—been aided when narrow and imperfect, and supplied when wanting from incapacity or neglect, by the attractive lessons and sound teachings conveyed by such works as we have alluded to, and by the early and strong impressions which their striking illustrations would have made upon their unperverted and pliable minds. These little illustrated pages would have been so many quiet yet constantly active assistants to the good pastor in his arduous labors, reviving his lessons during his necessary absence, renewing his exhortations, and impressing his teachings upon their memories and their hearts, by a series of beautiful artistic mnemonics.

The earlier books of the kind accessible to Catholics, were of an inferior character. The limited circulation of an English Catholic work did not justify publishers in employing the best art, or if they did, compelled them to sell their books at a price that excluded those who most needed their benefits from their possession. The illustrations, too, were deficient in accuracy of relation, costume and scenery, and gave but imperfect ideas of the reality. This same

want was felt in England, and the same obstacles stood in the way of success. A costly steel plate would in time be defaced, and an expensive wood engraving of a perfect design would soon wear out and require renewal at its original cost, and perhaps without its original beauty : and, even while they lasted, they were in the hands of but one publisher and accessible but to one people.

Thus, for the English-speaking people, it seemed that this great instrument of a beautifully illustrated literature, would be left in the hands of the large majority who were either Protestants, or indifferent or hostile to religion, and who by their extensive patronage could alone furnish publishers with the means of wielding it effectually ; and therefore it became a fearful weapon against the truth, spreading abroad ridicule and contempt upon things most sacred in the Church. From the *London Punch*, and *Harper's Monthly and Weekly*, to the lowest flash illustrated paper, and the demoniacal yellow covered novels, the evidence of this is apparent.

To be continued.

FATHER ANGEL, THE REDEMPTORIST.

From the French of Delacroix.

THERE lived in Marseilles, in the year 1780, in the convent of the Fathers of the Redemption, an old sick religious, who for many years had not quitted his native town. Nothing could appear more venerable than the figure of this old man. His forehead, quite bald, shone with a sweet serenity ; his long white beard and the deep wrinkles which furrowed his pale and emaciated features, showed that the heart of this man must have supported great assaults, and that his life must have been hard and laborious. For nearly the sixty years that he had embraced a religious life, his care and his persevering courage had restored to liberty an immense number of captives. He had been seen successively at Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, upon the coasts of Syria and in Constantinople. There was not a single seaman of the ports of Marseilles and Toulon who did not know Father Angel, so many voyages had he made. The old invalids of the royal marine pointed him out with respect to the new generation who had replaced them, and the young revered him as the old friend of their fathers, and as a man who had acquired great experience in navigation and its dangers. Thus, when Father Angel appeared at the port, supporting on a holly-hock stick his tottering steps, on a sudden, by a spontaneous motion, every head was uncovered, and every sailor's hat waved in the air as a sign of respect and joy. The young cabin boys disputed with each other the honor of offering their arm to the old man, in order to conduct him to the end of his favorite walk. This was generally to the square of the Tourette, between St. John's fort and the old temple of Diana, which has become the cathedral church of Marseilles. From this elevated platform, Father Angel contemplated with delight the scene which stretched before him. At his right the coasts of France faded away from his sight and lost themselves in the distance ; on the left rose a long chain of mountains, and the sterile and picturesque islands, at the foot

of which the waves, even in calm weather, dashed violently; before him the sea stretched its broad azure pathway, which the old man had so often traversed. He remained whole hours absorbed in the contemplation of those wonders, recalling to mind the strange adventures which had marked his long career, and the dangers which he had had the good fortune to escape. When the setting sun appeared to throw his last rays from the bosom of the sea, the old man was accustomed to recite the evening prayer of the seamen, such as he had said on board the ships during more than half a century; he tried to sing with his broken voice the beautiful hymn to our Lady of good Succor; afterwards, leaning on the arm of some bystander, he went back to his cell, addressing words of edification to the persons who surrounded him, thanking them for their affectionate cares, and telling them, with a sweet resignation, that he was near his end, but that he thanked God for having brought him through so many trials to die in the bosom of his country, in his native town, where he had pronounced the solemn vow to give himself up to the relief of his fellow creatures.

Such, in 1780, was Father Angel of the Redemption. A relation of the author of this work setting out for Egypt, saw him in the month of September of the same year; when he came back, in the spring of the following year, Father Angel was no more; but the remembrance of the old man was so dear to those who had known him, that the stranger wished to go and cast flowers and pray upon the tomb of the good man; afterwards, with the honest simplicity of youth, he questioned some Fathers of the Redemption, and obtained, concerning their ancient brother, some particulars which we are happy to have gathered.

Father Angel was descended from one of the most ancient families of Provence; many of his relations held the most eminent places in parliament; his maternal grandfather had commanded a fleet in the Levant, and the count, his father, was governor of one of the strong towns of the south. He himself had gone through an excellent course of studies at Aix, in the college of the Jesuits, and had obtained the reputation of being one of the best scholars formed under the care of those able masters. When he was twenty-one years old, he commanded a regiment of cavalry, and served in the army with distinction during four years, and obtained the approbation of his superiors and equals. At this time he asked in marriage a lady of Marseilles, for whom he had long entertained a secret affection. He was handsome, well-formed, and in the flower of youth; his name, fortune, and brilliant qualities must have secured him a favorable reception; her parents were also flattered to see their daughter courted by the young count Arthur . . . , whose praise was in every mouth. The lady on her side was sensible of the attentions of her lover. The young persons saw each other for some time, and their mutual affection derived fresh force from these visits, in which the young officer had an opportunity of exhibiting all the qualities of his mind and heart. Arthur counted, with all the vivacity of impatience, the moments which still delayed his happiness. In the meantime the days passed away, and the long wished for time was almost within his grasp, when a sudden and inexplicable change struck him like a thunderbolt. The parents politely refused the young count, and the lady did not attempt to acquaint him with the motives of this hasty rupture. On the contrary, the better to shield herself from all the inquiries and investigations which her lover might make, she quitted the town, and secretly withdrew to a remote country

house. Nobody ever knew the true causes of this sudden resolution; but some words which once fell from the young count, led to the belief that they were not to the honor of the family with which he was to have been allied.

Six months after, it was said that the lady had just contracted an advantageous marriage with a rich Genoese, who took her to his country.

At this news, poor Arthur, who from the most violent despair had fallen into the most deep dejection, took, on a sudden, a strange resolution. Tranquillity appeared again on his countenance, and his relations and friends thought that he had resolved to occupy his position in the world, from which he had lived apart for six months. They were deceived; the blow which the heart of the young man had received was too deep to be forgotten, and he dared not trust that world which had so cruelly abused him. In his despair he had compassionated mankind; all appeared to him false, selfish, and liars; could he compromise himself with them? Ought he not, like the young eagle tired with a rapid flight, fold his wings and disappear? Oh! had he nourished in his heart the desolating doctrines of materialism, and of that false philosophy which daily makes so many victims, perhaps the unfortunate young man in his despair would have called on death to come to his aid; perhaps he would have found a horrid shelter in suicide. But the solid instructions which he had received from his studies, the propriety of his mind and his good heart had always kept him faithful and attached to religion. It was in her bosom that he went to look for the consolations which he so greatly wanted; it was religion which inspired him with the noble and generous design which he had the courage to fulfil.

Society had lost for Arthur all its charms, he felt that it could not render him happy, and it would always be useless to him; but his Christian heart told him that his was not a sufficient reason to fly from it, and that he might not, like a coward, shrink from the duties which God had imposed on him, by making him born in the bosom of that same society. Society had betrayed him; well, let him devote himself to its happiness! Society was useless to him, for, as a recompense for his sweetest feelings deceived, it would only offer to him errors and vanities; then let him consecrate his whole life to its service, and render it efficacious, true and incontestable services! Such is, in fact, the heroic spirit of Christianity; it pursues with its benefits the ungrateful and disdainful world, and at the same time that it calms, by a secret charm, the most lacerated hearts, it knows how to make individual grief and vexations conducive to the general welfare of society.

Arthur did not let the generous design which he entertained be known; he resigned his command in the army, settled his business, and one day Marseilles learnt that the young and brilliant count . . . had entered the noviciate in the convent of the Fathers of the Redemption. When his time of trial was elapsed, he took with the religious dress the name of Father Angel of the Redemption, which thenceforth supplanted his feudal name, and his titles of nobility. Soon after he made his first voyage to the Levant, under the direction and patronage of one of the ancient brethren of the order. The wisdom and high prudence which he showed in this remote expedition, brought upon him at his return a mark of satisfaction and confidence on the part of his superiors. They sent him the following year to Tunis by himself, to treat for the ransom of the captives which were detained in that city. Till then his admirable sacrifice had not been exposed to any of those extraordinary temptations, which so greatly ex-

pose weak courage and wavering vocations. But on the occasion of which we are now speaking, Father Angel was subjected to one of those trials which are seldom overcome.

Just as the ship which carried him entered the port of Tunis, a pirate, who had arrived a few hours before him, unloaded the goods which he had stolen, and landed all his prisoners. Father Angel hastened towards those unhappy persons, thanking God that his presence would free them from the horrors of slavery. What were his emotions when he saw amongst them a woman of great beauty, most elegantly dressed, and when he recognized in her the woman who had been unfaithful to her oaths of love, and whose fickleness had upset his whole life? Father Angel drew back, as if he had feared that the enemy of mankind was laying snares for his perseverance and faith. However, triumphing over his trouble and emotion, he drew near the master to whose lot she had fallen. He learnt that she had been captured near Genoa, and that her husband, in his endeavors to resist the attack of the pirates, had been killed in battle. The beautiful captive had remarked the presence of Father Angel of the Redemption, and she waited in the pangs of uneasiness for the result of his discourse with the pirate; but nothing had showed her that she had before her eyes her ancient lover Count Arthur. His face pale, and changed by the moral torments which he had endured, and by the austerities to which he had submitted, the long mourning dress which enveloped him like a sack, tended to prevent his being known. But in the debate which was raised between Father Angel and the corsair, an accent of that voice which was so well known to her, struck the ear of the young woman. No more doubt! Arthur is the person who is there! Arthur, whose heart she has driven to despair, whose love she has disdained! Arthur, who holds in his hands her liberty, and the sentence for all her life! She wishes to throw herself at his feet; but her heavy chains prevent her from making a step; she heaves a thrilling shout and faints away. Father Angel ordered the necessary succors to be given to her; afterwards, subduing all the different emotions of his heart, he hastened to conclude the bargain with the pirate; and in order not to expose himself to the danger of meeting the eyes of that woman whom he had so much loved, he caused her to be conducted on board an European vessel which was to set sail within a few days. But the eagerness with which he broke her fetters did not make him forget that other unfortunate persons claimed from him the same service. He paid the ransom of all those unhappy people, and, thanks to his cares, they were all conducted on board the vessel which was to carry them to their country. The woman to whom Count Arthur had devoted his love, only obtained from the Father of the Redemption the privilege of being the first person to be ransomed.

All the captives were waiting to return to Europe under the patronage of their deliverer, every moment they fancied they saw his boat coming from the shore towards them. The day of setting out which the captives waited for had arrived, and they showed their impatience by shouts which could be heard from the shore. Every eye was turned towards the port; a woman in particular, who had sat motionless and silent in the cabin, had not quitted for many days the port-hole which looked towards the shore, and appeared to devour the earth with her restless looks. Suddenly, at the sound of the gun for departure, the young woman shuddered, for a light ship came from the harbor, and rowed towards the vessel which unreefed her sails; but in proportion as the boat drew

near, instead of the black garment of the Father of the Redemption, she only saw the turban of one of the officers of the port, whom Father Angel sent to put into the hands of a captive, a letter addressed to the superior of the Fathers of the Redemption in Marseilles. In that letter, which is preserved as a relic, for it breathes the most touching simplicity and the most sublime virtues, Father Angel gives an account to his superiors of the results of his mission, and of the motives of prudence which prevented him from coming back to Europe with the captives. He told him that as the season was advanced, he would probably find no opportunity of returning to Europe, but that he preferred to pass the winter among the infidels, rather than expose his weakness and compromise the favor which God had done him by calling him to his service.

It was a true desolation for all the captives not to be able to express their gratitude to the humble religious, who so well justified the name which he had taken at his consecration to God. Some of them related, on their arrival at Marseilles, that, during all the passage, they had seen big tears trickling down the cheeks of their young companion, and that she had many times declared her intention to take the veil as soon as she reached her native land.

Father Angel followed with his eyes the receding ship, till it had disappeared on the horizon. Then kneeling down upon the sand, he addressed humble and fervent thanksgivings to God, for the double victory which he had made him gain; the first, in the moment of his despair, when desertion of the faithless one tore his heart; the other, when a minute of hesitation might have betrayed his will and his good resolutions.

SONNET.

METHOUGHT, that in a calm and leafy bower

I rested, where the purple flowers were springing,

And from their buds of bloom and beauty flinging,

On loaded gales their odor's richest power:

Watching the evening's warm and sunny shower,

I heard the woods, and plains, and valleys, ringing

With every feather'd denizen's glad singing,

For such a scene, and such a gentle hour.—

O faithless vision! faithless and untrue!

Nor bower, nor bud, nor odor sweet is here,

Nor song of bird—instead of these I view

The CITY's walls of aspect dark and drear,

And, for the skies of deep ethereal blue,

Long-volumed clouds of murky smoke appear.

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.—We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that *by the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed*, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought, therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement.—*Blair*.

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

SAYINGS OF POOR RICHARD.*—It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more: sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for "that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

If time be of all things the most precious, "wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more, with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy;" and "he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night:" while "laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," as Poor Richard says.

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry does not wish, and he that lives upon hope will be fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands, or if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for "at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff, or the constable enter; for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king.—*Franklin.*

SCORN OF THE WORLD.—Be not ashamed to wait upon others, and to be thought poor in this world for the love of Jesus. Boast not of thyself, but put all thy hope in God:—doing what thou canst, and he will be pleased with thy good-will.

* The celebrated Dr. Franklin published an almanac with the title of *Poor Richard*. This article formed part of the preface to another, which he called *Poor Richard improved*.

Do not trust in thine own knowledge nor in the cleverness of any living being; but rather in the grace of God which helps the lowly and humbles the forward. He who knows himself well, lowers himself in his own eyes and seeks not for the praise of men. For a poor countryman who serves God is far better than a great philosopher who, heeding not himself, studies the course of the heavens.

If I should know all the Bible and all the sayings of the philosophers by heart, what will it avail me without the love and grace of God?

Indeed the more guileless and heedless of the world a man is, the more easily does he understand many and lofty thoughts; because the light of his mind comes from above. An upright, harmless and steadfast mind is not put out of its way by a throng of business, because it does every thing for the honor of God, and strives to keep itself within itself and free from all self-seeking.

But oh! he is great who has a great love of God. He is truly great who thinks little of himself, and holds the height of worldly honor as nothing. He is truly great who scorns all worldly wealth that he may lay up treasures with Christ in heaven.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG WAY.—There is a right and a wrong way of doing every thing, as the Frenchman said who wrote a book on the best way of blowing out a candle; and nothing in the world shows greater diversity of character and disposition, than attending a sick bed. Every affection of the heart is then called forth, and must be accompanied with fortitude and prudence, to impart that comfort and support to the sufferer which we often require at the same time ourselves. Few are capable of entirely neglecting those who need their care; but, on the other hand, fewer still can give all the consolation that might be expected on such an occasion, because there is such a perpetual danger of officiousness, and still more of being ostentatious in conferring attention on those whose situation obliges them to be under incessant obligations. A mind of true delicacy will carefully screen from observation all the labor and care which her attendance occasions, while the fretfulness of pain and dependence may be a continual trial to the temper, in causing peevishness and misrepresentations from those whom it is the first object of solicitude to relieve and comfort.

OUR greatest evil is, that we wish to serve God after our own fashion, and not after his: according to our own will, and not according to his. When he wishes that we should be afflicted with illness, we wish to be well; when he wishes that we should serve him in sufferings, we desire to serve him with active works; when he is anxious for us to exercise the virtue of charity, we wish to exercise that of humility; when he desires resignation from us, we seek for a sensible devotion, for fervor in prayer, or for any other virtue; and this not because the things which we desire are more grateful to him, but because they are more suitable to our own inclination. This is certainly the greatest hindrance which we can set in the way of our arriving at perfection; it being a thing not to be doubted, that if we wish to be saints according to our own will, we shall never become so: in order to become a saint indeed, it is necessary to do all in conformity with the will of God.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

ST. CATHARINE of Genoa used to say, "I belong no more to myself; whether I live, or whether I die, I belong to my adorable Saviour. I have nothing more of my own, or what belongs to me; my God is my all, and my being is wholly his. O world, thou art always the same, and up to this moment I have always been the same; but henceforth I will be no more so."

TEACHINGS OF THE EYE.—The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None are so blind as those that will not see," is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in one pregnant sentence, "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the red Indian boys hold up their hand as a mark to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spreading fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions of color where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.—*The Five Gateways of Knowledge.*

ETERNITY.—"Eternity has no grey hairs!" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present, undecaying and undying, the endless chain, composing the life of God, the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but as the gilded sepulchre; its possessions, they are the toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkness, eternal pleasures forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease—exhaustless love supplies the song.

WE may rise in the morning with our hearts light and our spirits free, and before evening comes—nay, in one short hour, circumstances may occur which shall call for the exercise of no ordinary share of grace; and unless we are on our guard, plunge us into guilt, shame and distress. In many a dismal sting of private life, we find that the sin which threw its chill withering shade over all succeeding years—from which there was no refuge but through the darkness of the grave—was committed *without premeditation*, without design, simply by being "off one's guard." It is possible one hour to shudder at the thought of sin, and before that hour has passed away, to be the thing you shudder at.

REMEMBER, that perfection is not acquired by holding one's hands crossed before one: but it is necessary to labor in good earnest to overcome oneself and to bring oneself to live not according to one's inclinations and passions, but according to reason, and according to rule and obedience. It is a hard matter so to do, there is no denying it, but it is necessary—nevertheless with constant practice it becomes both easy and full of sweetness.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

No sooner have we something to suffer, than we have something to hope. What people delight in, whatever the subject, is their own share in it. There is no situation, however humble, which to fill to perfection does not argue superiority of character.

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

THE ELECTION OF PIUS VII.—In the commencement of the year 1799 the French occupied Italy. They had carried away Pius VI, an old man, on the verge of the grave. They had dispersed, through the various countries of Europe, the members of the sacred college, who could alone give him a legitimate successor. Being masters of the Vatican, the revolutionists hoped to divide the Catholic Church by the semblance of an election, for which every thing was prepared, and which would have extended throughout Europe the divisions that desolated France. But God did not forget his Church. He prolonged the life of Pius VI, and while he deferred to give him the reward of his many virtues, he called forth from the north the liberators of the south. He chose to make the protector of the Greek, the defender of the Roman Church, and caused him to change the face of Italy, to remove all obstacles, and to prepare every thing for the holding of a regular conclave, which would not offer even a pretext for division. The allied armies spread themselves abroad through Italy; they prepared the ways for the passage of the cardinals, and while all was disposed to facilitate the election of his successor, God called to himself that venerable personage, whose memory will endure as long as the religion of which he was the pontiff and the martyr. Venice became the asylum of the sacred college, whose members, having assembled there, gave to the Church a chief capable of repairing its disasters. On the 13th March, 1800, their choice fell on Cardinal Chiaramonti, who, to honor the memory of his predecessor, took the name of Pius VII. No sooner was the Pope elected, than the hopes which had been inspired, by the partial success of the Russian arms, vanished, and the French, once more, gained the ascendancy.—*Baron Geramb.*

THE term "Pope" was formerly common to all Bishops, but is now confined to the successors of St. Peter; it is of Greek origin, and signifies "Father." The *tiara*, which the Pope wears in his coronation ceremony, resembles somewhat the head-dress of the Chaldeans, which was round, rising in a conical form, and encircled with a crown when worn by monarchs. Boniface VIII added a second crown, to show the union of the temporal and spiritual powers; and in 1334, Boniface XII added a third crown, to indicate the paternal power which should be united with those before named. This triple crown is, in reality, a crown of thorns: for this elevated station demands a reserve and self-abnegation, which its dignity scarcely compensates for. The Pope enjoys no public amusement; he eats always alone, and his table is served in the most simple manner. The morning is entirely spent in the divine service, and the administration of the public affairs; and a visit to a church, or to an hospital, constitutes his only recreation. In a word, the practices of devotion, and the cares of government, fill up all the hours of the Pontiff's life. Are there many who would submit to such a life, even at the recompense of a throne?—*Baron Geramb.*

THE ORIGINAL USE OF TITHE.—Not a single national document relative to the subject has come down to us, in which the right of the poor to a considerable portion of the tithe is not distinctly recognized. In the compilation which goes under the name of Archbishop Egbert, we meet with the following canon: "Let the mass-priests themselves receive the tithes from the people, and keep a written list of the names of all who have given, and divide, in presence of men fearing God, the tithe according to the authority of the canons; and choose the first portion for the adornment of the church, and let them distribute humbly and mercifully with their own hands the second portion for the benefit of poor and wayfaring men; and then may they retain the third portion for themselves."—*Dr. Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*

HALF HOURS OF RELAXATION.

ANECDOTE OF HOGARTH.—A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most useful ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things."

"If that be the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which denotes the end of all things—a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old fire-lock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, a crown tumbling to pieces, towers in ruins, the sign-post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling; the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling—the body gone, and chains which held it falling down; Phæbus and his horse dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, Time with an hour-glass and scythe broken—a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book open, with "exeunt omnes" stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet, broken; "finis!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable and well known fact, that he never again took the pallet in hand.

NEW DEFINITIONS.—What is economy? The art of converting a small purse into a large one. What is envy? A distorting lens, through which everything appears crooked. What is money? The traveller's best "pocket companion." What is music? Beauty developing itself in sound, or—the language of heaven, imperfectly lisped on earth. What is a newspaper? A portrait in ink of men and manners. What is peace? An excellent cement for the dismembered body of mankind.

"TAINT LIKE"—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! it's the very picture of him!" An old farmer only dissented. "'Taint like!" exclaimed everyboby, "just show us wherein 'taint like?" "'Taint—no 'taint," responded the farmer; "don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? 'Twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

TAKING IT IN TURN.—A clerk was assisting a clergyman to robe before the service commenced, and said to him, "Please, sir, I'm deaf." "Indeed! my good man," says the curate, "then how do you manage to follow me during the service?" "Why, sir," says the clerk, "I looks up, and when you shuts your mouth, I opens mine."

EXTEND your benevolence over all nature, love whatever partakes with you of the most universal gift—existence.

A DANGEROUS FELLOW.—There is a dangerous fellow somewhere down East or somewhere else, who ought not to be allowed to run at large. He threatens to play the very deuce and break things, all in consequence of a faithless girl, who has broken her troth to him, and married some one else. If he should put his threats into execution, what would become of us? Hear him:

"I'll grasp the loud thunder,
And with lightning I'll play,
I'll rend the earth asunder,
And kick it away!"

Now that's attempting considerable for one man; however, if he is willing to assume the responsibility and pay damages, why let him smash away. He next says:

"I'll set fire to the fountain,
And swallow up the rill;
I'll eat up the mountain,
And be hungry still."

Good gracious! what a destructive and ferocious animal he is! Is there no way to appease his wrath and stay his stomach! Must we suffer this, just because the fair one gave him the mitten, and took a notion to another? No, never. Down with him we say, if he continues to conduct himself in this extravagant way.

"The rain shall fall upward,
The smoke tumble down,
I'll dye the grass purple,
And paint the sky brown."

Hear that! A pretty world this would be then! We might as well live in an old boot with a dirty sole for the earth beneath, and brown upper leather for the heavens above.

"The sun I'll put out,
With the whirlwind I'll play,
Turn day into night,
And sleep it away."

There is no doubt if he cuts this caper, the sun will feel as much put out about it as we shall. We leave it to the whirlwinds to say whether they are to be trifled with or not. And as for turning day into night and sleeping it away, we would just as soon he would do that as not, that is if he can. But hear him again:

"I'll flog the young earthquake,
The weather I'll physic,
Volcanoes I'll strangle,
Or choke them with phthisic."

Oh, ho, for shame now. He dare not clinch with an old earthquake, and so he threatens to flog a young one. Our hero concludes as follows:

"I'll tie up the winds
In a bundle together,
And tickle their ribs
With a monstrous feather."

Oh, cricky! now he's done it. We did not think it in the soul of any man to do half as much. Really we think that such a desperate fellow ought to be caught and put in jail for half a week, and safely guarded by one flea, two musquitoes, and a bed-bug.

CALENDAR OF THE PRINCIPAL SAINTS FOR MARCH.

1. *St. David*, Patron of Wales, was an illustrious bishop, and distinguished himself for his zeal against the Pelagian heresy, which was broached a second time in Britain, in the beginning of the sixth century. He took an active part in the synod held at Brevy in 519, and by his eloquence and learning refuted and silenced the abettors of that heresy.

2. *St. Simplicius*, an illustrious Pope, who succeeded St. Hilarius in the pontificate about the year 497, and governed the Church with great zeal for nearly sixteen years.

3. *St. Cunegundes*, the daughter of Sigefride, and wife of St. Henry, Duke of Bavaria, who on the death of Otho III, was chosen emperor in the year 1002. She was distinguished for her great charity and austerity. She died in 1040.

4. *St. Casimer*, Prince of Poland. He was distinguished even in childhood for his practices of austerity and penance, though surrounded by all the pomp and luxury of the palace. He wore a hair shirt, slept frequently on the ground, and would often rise in the night to pray before the church door. He died at the early age of 23, in 1482, having previously foretold the day of his death.

5. *St. Kiaran*.—Among the saints of Ireland who were anterior to St. Patrick, none are more distinguished than St. Kiaran, whom the Irish annalists style the first-born of their saints. He was a native of the country, and is thought to have been born about the year 352. Having received some imperfect information concerning the Christian faith, he went to Rome that he might be instructed in its heavenly doctrine. He is supposed to have been ordained bishop at Rome and to have returned to his native country, where he converted his own family and many of his countrymen to the faith.

6. *St. Chrodegang*, Bishop of Metz, distinguished for his great piety, learning, and zeal for religion and discipline, during the reign of Pepin, who succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Charles Martel, in the year 742.

7. *St. Thomas of Aquino*, called on account of his extraordinary learning the "Angelic Doctor," was born in the kingdom of Naples in the year 1226. From his earliest years he exhibited signs of great talents, and a happy disposition to virtue. At an early age he abandoned the world and dedicated himself to religion in the Order of St. Dominick, and soon became renowned throughout Europe for the greatness of his learning and the holiness of his life.

8. *St. John of God*.—A native of Portugal, who having spent a great part of his life in the army, finally abandoned the profession of arms, and devoted his time to the service of the poor and the sick; and for a long time followed the business of selling wood in the market place in order to raise funds to distribute in works of charity. He died in 1550.

9. *St. Frances*.—born in Rome in the year 1384. Having lived many years with her virtuous husband, she founded with his consent an Order of nuns, called *Oblates*, for the reception of females who were desirous of leading a religious life. She did not enter it herself until after the death of her husband.

10. *The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste*.—These holy martyrs suffered at Sebaste, in Armenia, about the year 320. They formed part of the famous band of soldiers known as the *thundering legion*. They were ordered to be thrown into a frozen lake or pond, where they suffered a most cruel and lingering death.

11. *St. Eulogius*.—was of a senatorian family of Cordova, in Spain, but renouncing the honors of his family, he became a priest, and after suffering much for the faith, he was put to death in a persecution raised against the Church by the Mahometans in 859.

12. *St. Gregory*—for his great sanctity and learning surnamed the *Great*, succeeded Pope Pelagius II in 590, and governed the Church fourteen years.

13. *St. Nicephorus*, Patriarch of Constantinople, distinguished for his zeal against the Iconoclasts, and suffered many persecutions on account of the faith.

14. *St. Maud*, Queen of Germany, distinguished for her great piety and charity to the poor. She died in 968.

15. *St. Abraham*, surnamed the *hermit*, was of a noble family in Mesopotamia. At the earnest entreaty of friends he married a virtuous young lady: the same day he made known to his wife his resolution of abandoning the world, and having obtained her consent, immediately retired to the desert.

16. *St. Julian*—a holy priest—suffered martyrdom in the time of Dioclesian.

17. *St. Patrick*, the great apostle of Ireland, was born at Kilpatrick, Scotland, according to some authors, about the close of the fourth century. He carried the light of Christianity into Ireland, and converted the whole nation to the faith.

18. *St. Alexander*, a holy bishop of Jerusalem, suffered martyrdom for the faith in the reign of Decius, in the year 251.

19. *St. Joseph*, the chaste spouse of Mary and the foster parent of Jesus, was descended from the royal house of David. To him was entrusted the high dignity of protecting the infancy and guarding the childhood of the Son of God; on him devolved the support of his virginal Mother. Nothing is known of the life of this great saint except what is recorded in the sacred text. His death is believed to have taken place some time before the commencement of our divine Saviour's public life; and no doubt he had the happiness of having Jesus and Mary to aid and comfort him in his last moments. Hence he is particularly invoked as the patron of a happy death.

20. *St. Cuthbert*, was an illustrious bishop of Landisfarne, in England, who lived during the seventh century.

21. *St. Benedict*, the great patriarch of the Western monks. He founded numerous monasteries in the desert of Sublacum, in Italy, and was famed for his sanctity and miracles. He died in 543.

22. *St. Basil*, a holy priest and martyr, who suffered at Ancyra, on account of his zeal in resisting the attempts of Julian the Apostate to re-establish idolatry in that city, in the year 362.

23. *St. Alphonsus Turibius*, was a native of Spain. He was remarkable even in his childhood for his piety, and especially his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whose office and rosary he used to recite every day. Being raised to the dignity of the priesthood, he was made Archbishop of Lima in South America, which he governed with great wisdom and prudence for many years. His holy death took place in 1606.

24. *St. Irenæus*, an illustrious bishop of Serinum, who suffered martyrdom for the faith during the persecution of Dioclesian.

25. *The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin*.—This great festival was instituted by the Church to commemorate the event of the angel Gabriel appearing to Mary, and making known to her the happy tidings concerning the incarnation of the Son of God. This festival dates to a very early period of the Church. As far back as 492, it is mentioned as a feast of great solemnity.

26. *St. Ludger*, Bishop of Munster and apostle of Saxony, was remarkable for his piety and great learning, having studied under Alcuin, then rector of the famous school at York. He died in the odor of sanctity, in the year 809.

27. *St. John of Egypt*, called the Hermit. At the age of twenty-five years he forsook the world, and spent the remainder of his life, which was prolonged until he reached the age of ninety, in penance and austerity. He was famed

for his miracles and the spirit of prophecy, and was consulted by the learned and the great as an oracle. He died in 394.

28. *St. Sixtus III*, Pope.—He succeeded *St. Celestine* in the pontificate in the year 432. He was distinguished for his zeal against the Pelagians. He died in 440, having filled the pontifical chair eight years.

29. *Sts. Jonas, Barachinius*, and others, martyrs. In a bloody persecution against the Church of the East in 327, by King Sapor, a number of Christians received the crown of martyrdom. *Sts. Jonas* and *Barachinius* visited them in prison to comfort them. For their charity they were seized and put to death.

30. *St. John Climacus*, an illustrious abbot, born (as is supposed) in Palestine about A. D. 525, and received the name of *Climacus* from an excellent book he wrote entitled the *Climax*, or the Ladder to Perfection. He retired to a hermitage on Mount Sinai, where he spent upwards of forty years in the practice of penance and mortification. Towards the close of his life, he was chosen abbot of Mount Sinai and made superior general of all the monks and hermits in that country.

31. *St. Benjamin*, a holy deacon and illustrious martyr, suffered for the faith in a violent persecution against the Christians of the East by *Varanes*, King of Persia, early in the fifth century. Pointed reeds were run under the nails of his hands and feet and into the most tender parts of his body; and this, repeated with the utmost violence, he expired under the torment in the year 425.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD, TO THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE HIERARCHY IN 1850. By the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It is no more than justice to our readers to inform them that this work, though really worthy of their perusal, has not given in England that general satisfaction which it was, no doubt, the hope both of the author and the publishers it would impart. Nevertheless, it is acknowledged even by those who find fault with it, that as an outline or sketch of the History of the Church in England, "it is a work of great value and importance," one for which "there can be no doubt that the Catholic reading public owe no inconsiderable debt to the author's zeal and industry." In common with our transatlantic brethren we regret that more justice has not been done to such eminent servants of God and His people, as Archbishop Walsh, Bishop Milner, and Bishop Baines—the two last as familiar to American Catholics as a Cheverus and an England, a Dubois, a Bruté, or a Carroll, and like them beloved and revered wherever their names are known. With this caveat we cordially recommend the work to the American public and with no other impression but that they will be truly grateful to the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan for this valuable compendium of England's ecclesiastical history. To give a satisfactory and at the same time sufficiently comprehensive summary of the history of any one period or a nation, is among the most difficult tasks in the field of literature. It requires an amount of erudition, familiarity with the best authorities and guides, honesty, patience and tact, which few, even eminent scholars possess. There is at this hour before the eyes of the public, both English and American, an exemplification of this fact, which few

will fail to recognize. From want of one or the other of the above requisites, the highest talents and the most fascinating powers of style, may produce nothing better than an historical romance. The more cordial, therefore, are our grateful acknowledgments to the writer whose labors, like those of the Very Rev. author before us, even though he may sometimes fail to reach the mark he aims at, prove that he spoke sincerely when he said, "*Believing truthfulness to be an historian's first requisite*, he has never intentionally suppressed a disedifying fact, great or small, the omission of which might either disguise or distort the truth of the context, or might withhold a really useful warning. He has endeavored in his intervals of leisure to scrutinize all the published monuments of the past, and having thus secured what he deemed sufficient both for *truth* and *edification*, he must leave to another writer and to more favorable times, the labor of a more finished work. If the very name of edification, added to that of truth, cause any one to fear that the latter may be sacrificed to the former, the author trusts that a candid examination of the history will allay all such apprehensions."—*Preface*, p. 5.

In this spirit the work has been composed. And as exemplifying it, we refer, vol. i, 357-397, the reader to the account of the far-famed struggle between St. Thomas Becket and King Henry II, ending in the martyrdom of the heroic archbishop, and as so often before, in the triumph of God's cause. For in the annals of the Church, *death* and *victory* are almost synonymous terms: a truth so glorious foreshadowed, nay proclaimed by her divine Founder from the heights of Calvary. We cannot close this brief notice of a valuable work without expressing the hope that the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan will not fail in another edition, to introduce such changes and modifications as will render his history in every way acceptable to Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic: a work which all may read with advantage, and from which even the most captious critic may have no reason to withhold his cordial praise.

2. UNITY AND FAITHFUL ADHERENCE TO THE WORD OF GOD, ARE ONLY TO BE FOUND IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By the Hon. *William Tourey Law*. Reprinted from the English edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Any one who has paid particular attention to the conversions in England to the Catholic faith, must have been struck with the fact that many of the converts from among the clergy have been very closely related to Bishops of the Established Church. At the present moment the names of Mr. G. D. Ryder, son of a late Bishop of Lichfield; Lord Charles Thynne, son-in-law of the late Bishop of Bath and Wells; the late deeply lamented ex-Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce and Mr. Henry Wilberforce, brothers of the present Bishop of Oxford; Mr. Bathurst, grandson of a late Bishop of Norwich, and of the Hon. W. T. Law, whose grandfather and two of whose uncles were respectively Bishops of Carlisle, Elphin, (in Ireland) and Bath-and-Wells, occur to us. If we take into consideration the political influence which the possession of seats and votes in the House of Lords must confer upon the bishops of the Established Church in England, together with the numerous and very lucrative preferments at their disposal, it is impossible not to feel that to have a near relative on the Episcopal Bench must be about as sure a passport to a wealthy Living as any clergyman could desire. We may indeed in support of our view of the bright prospects which must glitter before the eyes of a clerical son or nephew of an Anglican Bishop appeal to the fact, which we believe to be undeniable, that among the unmarried ladies in England, daughters of bishops form, in proportion, by far the smallest class. Amongst the 18,000 English clergymen there

are never wanting unmarried curates, by the hundred, too anxious to become Rectors and Vicars of parishes, and Canons of cathedrals, and to form alliances with the families of the Spiritual Peers of the English Realm. Thus it is found that the sons-in-law of an English bishop are almost without exception "Reverend" gentlemen, holding very valuable preferment. When, then, we read of English clergymen, possessed of all the worldly advantages which near relationship to Anglican bishops had conferred upon them, promptly, unhesitatingly and cheerfully abandoning their rich Livings rather than remain separated from the Catholic Church, we feel assured that such converts must indeed be men of undoubted earnestness, zeal and fidelity. We are much pleased, therefore, to find that an American edition of this excellent letter has been given to the public. It was addressed to his late parishioners in England by one of the above mentioned gentlemen, the Hon. Wm. Towry Law. Of all the pamphlets of a similar nature that have from time to time appeared in England, perhaps the present publication is most calculated to interest an American reader on account of the contrast between the American Episcopal and the English Established Church, to which Mr. Law has drawn attention. An English clergyman it appears has disputed the correctness of Mr. Law's information with regard to the Episcopal Church in this country, and to this gentleman Mr. Law has taken the opportunity of replying in his preface to the new edition. We strongly recommend the little work, which is gracefully dedicated by permission to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, to the notice of our subscribers.

We are happy to learn that the Hon. Mr. Law is likely to make Baltimore his future residence, and that he is now engaged in preparing a Brief Account of the reception of twenty persons, members of his own family, into the one fold of the Holy Catholic Church, which we hope to have the pleasure of noticing in our next.

3. **MISSIONARY TRAVELS, AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA;** including a sketch of sixteen years residence in the interior of Africa, and a journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loando on the west coast; thence across the continent, down the river Zambesi to the eastern ocean: with maps and numerous illustrations. By *David Livingstone*, LL. D., Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It is no easy task to travel through a large octavo volume, such as the book before us, containing nearly eight hundred pages, and give our readers any thing like a fair statement of its contents.

The author, after spending a chapter or two in giving an account of himself, his ancestry, and his early studies, enters upon the task of writing out an account of his missionary travels in Africa. We followed him with much interest through the greater part of his lengthy narrative, and we must confess that we were generally much pleased with the details he has given us. There is a plainness in the style, and a freedom from that bitterness of expression which is so frequently met with in works of this kind. The author reveals his candid sentiments in the early part of the work in the following words:

"I believe Christianity to be divine, and equal to all it has to perform: then let the good seed be widely sown, and no matter to what sect the converts belong, the harvest will be glorious. Let nothing that I have said be interpreted as indicative of feelings inimical to any body of Christians, for I never as a missionary felt myself to be either Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent, or called upon in any way to love one denomination less than another."

Acting upon this rule, the author has abstained from every thing that might give offence to any body of Christians. Of the Catholic missionaries he speaks

with respect. He bears ample testimony to the efficiency of the labors of the Jesuits, and speaks in the highest terms of the Rt. Rev. J. M. Reis, the Catholic Bishop of Angola; of the kindness and hospitality he received at his hands; of the great popularity and influence of the prelate and of his labors in establishing schools, "which though formed more on the monastic principle than Protestants might approve, will no doubt be a blessing."

The work, moreover, abounds in many interesting details of the manners, customs and laws of the various tribes which Mr. Livingstone met with in his travels, and will amply repay the labor of reading.

4. DUNIGAN'S AMERICAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC AND LIST OF THE CLERGY, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1858. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother, (James B. Kirker). Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

"Better late than never" is very applicable to the case of such a necessity as a Catholic Almanac. To get an Almanac at the end of February does not seem to be the thing exactly, but this delay is so far from being the fault of the respected publisher, that under the circumstances the Catholic public owes him a debt of gratitude for getting out the almanac at all. Just so much reason, however, as we have to thank Mr. Kirker for undertaking this work at so late a period in the year, and carrying it through so successfully, so much reason have we to complain of the former publishers, for not giving timely notice of their intention not to issue it this year.

It bears the unmistakable evidences of hasty preparation, but considering the hurry and other disadvantages under which this almanac has been brought out, it is creditable to the industry, energy and enterprise of the publishers. The arrangement follows the Baltimore almanac in almost every respect, and as the paper is better, the typographical appearance is more neat. We cannot help observing that in spite of the criticism on the almanac, which has usually been bestowed by New York, it has been found necessary to follow the Baltimore editions in almost every respect; and if some of the old stereotyped objections to the former editions are obviated, it is by leaving out the useful and convenient tables of statistics against which they were chiefly levelled. We miss the graceful and interesting biography which used to be one of the most attractive literary features of the Baltimore editions. There was perhaps no time to prepare it, or no writer—but this cannot be said of an establishment which numbers a John Gilmary Shea among its *employees*. The obituary of religious communities is wanting. We like the table of the Roman Church, for the dignitaries of the mother of churches ought to appear in every Catholic National Almanac. It will be very likely thought an improvement that the deceased Prelates are found under the diocese over which they presided, instead of in a common table.

The order which places the suffragan sees of each province together, is a good one, provided it can be adhered to in practice, without losing other advantages. The effort is at least laudable. We cannot say the same of the general order which places the province of New York first. It is a great province and contains a city not only the largest in the Union, but with the largest Catholic population. But Baltimore is the oldest See, it is the mother of our churches. Here all the Councils have been held. It would have been more graceful, as well as more chronologically exact, if this ancient priority had been conceded in a New York edition of what calls itself a Catholic Almanac. It is not Catholic usage to place the more ancient sees in the background, giving the precedence where the world gives it, to population, wealth and commercial superiority. A Divine Providence—*n'est ce pas?*—elects the spot where Faith shall have its first beginnings, and consecrates that spot over all the superiorities of sense, for the veneration of future ages. The writer of this is himself a New Yorker, but is not the less sorry to notice this apparent disregard of a wholesome and beautiful sentiment.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The recent Catholic publications in Europe are generally unimportant. There is nothing in England to be noted, except the authorized translation of the *Raccolta*, which is, we see, to be reprinted here. Miss Stewart, authoress of so many Catholic tales, has added to her list one entitled *Justice and Mercy*,—and we also observe the issue of a little work from the French, *The Spirit of the Holy Child Jesus, or Christian Childhood*.

In Ireland appears about coeval with its almost namesake here, the first number of the *Atlantis, a Register of Literature and Science*, by members of the Catholic University of Ireland. The articles in the present number are from the pens of Dr. Newman, Sullivan, Pollen, Penny, and Hennessy. A series of *Lives of Irish Saints* has also been begun from the pen of the Rev. Mr. O'Hanlon. The first volume, comprising the Life of St. Laurence O'Toole, has already appeared. Duffy, of Dublin, adds another to European Reprints of American Catholic books, having issued a cheap edition of *Vallejo's Life of St. Joseph*, recently published by Dunigan & Brother, in connection with the Life of the Blessed Virgin, by Mgr. Gentilucci.

In France the following works deserve mention: *Le Christianisme dans l'action dans la Messe*, par J. M. O. Alzieri. This little book gives the best didactic, analogic and symbolic modes of hearing mass, and is spoken of as being thorough in its explanation of them, and sound in its recommendations. In these days, when Prayer Books are so closely examined, that a complete revolution in that department seems at hand, this book may be of service. *Le Dimanche au point de vue Religieux et Social*, by Father Gautrelet, of the Society of Jesus, is a consideration on the sanctification of Sunday, which would not meet the views of some of our Puritan agitators. *De la Conversion des hommes, ou rien qu'un mot à mes confrères*, is the title of a little work addressed to the clergy by the Abbé Paul Vincent, an old missionary. We also find announced a new edition of the *Histoire Générale des Auteurs Sacrés et Ecclésiastiques*, the great work of the Benedictine Ceillier.

AMERICAN.—In the United States, Donahoe has issued the *Black Baronet*, another of Carlton's tales, and announces an Ethnological work by Dr. McElherran, to be illustrated with numerous engravings. Mr. John Gilmary Shea announces the third volume of his series of *Jesuit Relations*, and a work entitled *The Catholic Writers of America*, with biographical sketches and extracts. Walsh, of Cincinnati, has in press *The Hidden Treasure*, and the *Berkley Papers*.

Archbishop Kenrick's Theologia Dogmatica.—We are happy to learn that this important work, which we have already announced as being in the course of publication, in the celebrated establishment of Mr. Hanicq (now Dessain), in Malines, Belgium, in conjunction with our own publishers, Messrs. Murphy & Co., is nearly completed. The present revised edition will be improved by many important additions, including an elaborate defence of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and a Catalogue of the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Writers, with an accurate description of their genuine works, from others that have passed under their names. This edition will be comprised in 3 vols. 8vo. printed in that style of neatness and accuracy for which Mr. Dessain's press is so justly distinguished, and will appear with the especial sanction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who has been pleased to signify a very high estimate of its merits. The first volume has been received and will be published by Messrs. Murphy & Co. early in March, and we are happy to learn, at a very low price, so as to place it within the reach of Theological Seminaries, Students, &c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MARCH! The last days of winter have passed away, and the fickle, changeable, stormy month of March, unruly step-daughter of Spring, is at hand. It comes as usual with the frosts of winter upon its brow, and sporting around us its fierce and chilling blasts. March, like other months, has been celebrated in song; its ill-nature has not been able to blunt the poet's generous soul, and in the magnanimity of his nature he has thus commemorated its approach:

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will over-run in a ruddy gush of wine.

And the perfume and the bloom, that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower:
And the juices meant to feed the trees, the flowers and fruits,
Unerringly proceed from their pre-appointed roots.

How strange the very thought, of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent dark profound;
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed.

The Summer's in the ark and this sunny-pinioned day,
Is commissioned to announce whether Winter holds its sway:
Go back thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing
Say that the floods have ceased, and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou fann'd the sleeping earth till her dreams are all of flowers
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers,
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of the leaves,
And the very sky to glisten in the hope of Summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills,
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O, thou sunny First of March! be it dedicate to thee.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following are answers to the queries propounded by *Leo* in the last number:

1. The four great Doctors of the Church were St. Ambrose, who died in 397; St. Augustine, who died in 430; St. Jerome, who died in 420; and St. Chrysostom, whose death took place in 407.

2. The Sanhedrim was the supreme council among the Jews, in which all their great affairs of religion or domestic policy were settled.

3. The Talmud was a book held in high reverence among the Jews, in which were written all their traditions and interpretations of the Mosaic Law.

4. The Epoch of the Olympiads took its rise from the Olympian Games, which were celebrated at the beginning of every fifth year, near Olympia a city of Peloponnesus. An Olympiad therefore was a period of four years, and by these periods the Greeks reckoned their time; the year in which the games were celebrated being the first year of the Olympiad. The beginning of the first Olympiad commences with the year 776 before the Christian era.

5. Fenelon was born in the year 1651, at the chateau Fenelon, in Perigord. His family was illustrious both in the church and state. He made astonishing progress in his studies, and was distinguished for his learning even at the age of fifteen; and at the age of twenty by special dispensation he was elevated to the holy order of priesthood. In 1689 he was intrusted with the education of the young Duke of Burgundy and his brothers, and it was for their instruction he wrote his famous work, *Telemachus*.

6. The Dioclesian epoch, or period, is sometimes made use of in history; and obtained its name from the great number of Christians who suffered martyrdom in the reign of the emperor Dioclesian. It commences with the year A. D. 284.

7. The two greatest statuarists of ancient and modern times were Phidias of the former, and Michael Angelo of the latter period.

8. The last query, "Who founded the republic of Paraguay?" we answer somewhat from memory; not having at hand authorities to satisfy ourselves on that head. The following facts, however, may be relied on as substantially correct:—In the early part of the seventeenth century, the Jesuit Fathers visited the south-eastern coast of South America, and by permission of the Spanish government formed a system of peaceful civilization among the natives of Paraguay which rendered them religious, prosperous and happy. The form of government adopted by these good religious was mainly republican. Two Jesuits, a rector and his vicar, presided over each province or section into which the country was divided, which they governed by the aid of native officers, who were annually elected by the people. Under this rule Paraguay rose in religion, peace, and prosperity, and became an earthly paradise. Its institutions surpassed all forms of human legislation that had gone before it, or have followed it; and were perhaps the most perfect of their kind, that were ever moulded by the wisdom of man.

The infidel Raynal, whose authority in this particular is the more reliable, as he could have had no motive for giving a false statement, thus describes the state of Paraguay:

"The Jesuits established in Paraguay a theocratic government with the practice of confession, the very basis on which religion reposes. It alone is a substitute for all other penal laws—*preserves and watches over the purity of morals*. In Paraguay, religion more powerful than the force of arms, conducts the criminal to the knee of the magistrate, where, far from palliating his crimes, repentance makes him aggravate them; and where far from eluding punishment, an humble suppliant, he demands it on his knees. The more severe it is, the more it tranquilizes the conscience of the criminal. The chastisement which every where else terrifies the criminal, here consoles him in banishing remorse by expiation. The people of Paraguay have had no criminal laws, because each person voluntarily accuses and punishes himself. All their laws were precepts of religion. The best of all governments would be that of a theocracy, in which the tribunal of confession would be established."

We promised last month to give place to the following soul-stirring lines from our esteemed correspondent, W. S. G.

APPEAL FOR ERIN.

*"There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves."*

Ah, yes! there are flashes that pass o'er *my* soul,
Which no power of earth can enchain or control;
When the spirit of right prompts my muse to unfold
What ne'er can be cancelled with silver or gold!
'Tis the time when my heart, erst to sympathy bred,
Views Virtue unbending, by Tyranny bled;
And I grieve for the land deeply crushed in the wrong,
Which immortalized Moore has oft gave us in song!

I know though the sorrows the Poet unclose
Of that gem of the ocean, which blooms like the rose!
May ne'er fall on the ear of the power that reigns,
With the wish of his soul to unriver her chains:
Yet, yet there are exiles, with hearts bold and strong,
Whose souls he would fill with hope in his song;
And the echoing strains of these "wild driven sheep"
May gladden the hearts of their friends o'er the deep.

Here's a heart for the right! and a spurn for the wrong!
That both may be woven for ever in song,—
Till the time shall arrive when the minions of might,
Be tramp'd in the dust of old Ireland's light!
Then, then will her pleadings triumphant arise,
Like the rainbow that gilds o'er the face of the skies,
And the clouds that erst shadowed her beauty in gloom,
Will mantle the power that blighted her bloom!

Then away with despondency! let us declare
For the right, or a living death jointly to share;
Let us trust that the justice of Heaven may blend
In behalf of old Erin, her sorrows to end!
That the time may be near when the piles shall arise,
Of her patriot martyrs,—a national prize!
When the green flag of Erin, by Freemen unfurled,
Shall gladden her sons to the end of the world!

W. S. G.

The following queries propounded by our correspondent *Leò*, will receive attention in the next number:

1. Which is the more injurious to the cultivation of literature, poverty or wealth? 2. What led to the influence of the Popes in the middle ages? 3. What led to the remarkable alteration in the social and political relations of Europe at the close of the fifteenth century?

From our esteemed correspondent *S. M.* we have received another piece of poetry, which will be duly considered next month.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

* From January 20th, to February 20th, 1858.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—Intelligence from Rome is meagre during the last month, no events of special importance have taken place. When the news of the attempted assassination of the Emperor of France reached Rome, the Holy Father is said to have written an autograph letter of congratulation to Napoleon on his fortunate escape. On the 22d of January the Duke of Grammont, the French Ambassador to the Holy See, was received in solemn audience by his Holiness, and presented his letters of credence according to the usual ceremonial. His Excellency, on his arrival at the Vatican was received by Monsignor Pacea, Chamberlain to his Holiness, who immediately introduced him to the Holy Father. The Duke next visited his Eminence the Secretary of State who occupies apartments contiguous to the Holy Father. Cardinal Antonelli came out to meet him. After leaving the Cardinal, the Ambassador went by the interior galleries to St. Peter's where he was admitted by the great door of bronze which is only opened for the Pope and for Sovereigns on solemn occasions. *Prie-Dieu* were placed before the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, that of St. Petronella, patroness of the Sovereigns of France, and St. Peter and Paul. His Excellency knelt before each of them. Cardinal Matteo and several prelates occupying high places at the pontifical court, conducted the ambassador to his carriage and according to custom, closed the door of the vehicle. Mgr. Falcinelli, late bishop of Ferli, will shortly leave Rome for Brazil, as Apostolic Nuncio. This Prelate, who is a member of the Benedictines, is as distinguished for his learning as for his virtues. He distinguished himself by his heroic charity during the visitation of the cholera in 1856. Like St. Charles Borromeo, he sold his carriage and horses, his plate, and even his furniture, in order to minister to the wants of the poor, whom he attended and served with his own hands.

NAPLES.—Numerous details of the late earthquake, are given in the foreign journals. Its effects are far more disastrous than at first supposed. Twenty-nine or thirty towns and villages have been more less injured by it. Castil, Saraceno, Saporaro, Tramutola, Montemurro, Vigliano, Marsidonuovo, and Vignola, are said to have been almost entirely demolished. Laurenza, Tito, Brienza, and several other places were left a heap of ruins. The number of killed and wounded was immense. Official accounts give the number of those, who were buried in the ruins at 15,000; while it is reported from other sources that double that number perished. The dreadful occurrence is thus described:—
“The first shock was preceded and accompanied by a terrible subterranean rumbling, the sky being at the time quite clear and serene. The movement was undulatory. The second shock, which followed about two minutes after, was of the most violent and extraordinary kind, being first undulatory, then vertical, from below upwards; the movement then suddenly changed and became *vortuosi*, or that of a whirlpool, finishing by sharp jerks. Of course nothing could withstand so terrible a force, and in a few seconds the whole city was a heap of ruins. The men seemed to have suffered more than the women,

as the former had mostly gone to bed tired with their day's work; the latter, being still up, escaped to the open ground. At Brienza, several hundred people had collected in the Market-square at the first alarm, and here they thought themselves secure at least from the falling houses; but the second shock came, the earth opened in the midst of them, and literally swallowed up the greater part. Hundreds remained buried under the ruins of the houses; and on the seventh day after the catastrophe the groans of the wretched victims were still heard coming from beneath the loose ground. The village of Tito has entirely disappeared—not a trace of it is to be seen! Large fissures, too, may still be seen in the earth in the neighborhood of Potenza, a mile in length, several feet broad, and in some places of unknown depth."—A plot against the life of the King of Naples was discovered and frustrated before it was brought to maturity. Ten persons, said to be Frenchmen, were concerned in it.

SPAIN.—Bravo Murillo has been elected president of the lower chamber of the Cortes. In consequence of his election, which seems to be unpopular, the ministry have tendered their resignation, which was after some delay accepted, and a new cabinet formed, viz.—Istutz, president of the council; Oceana, finance; Hoz, justice; Biez, interior; Quesada, marine, and Espeleta, war.—The *Madrid Gazette* of the 4th of January publishes a royal decree appointing M. Isturitz to be President of the Senate, and the Duke de Veragua and General Soria, Vice-Presidents. The Queen had ordered that 6,000 reals should be given to every legitimate child born on the same day as the Prince of the Asturias, and 3,000 to children born on the day of his baptism. Madrid letters of the 6th state that on the preceding day, when the Queen was passing the Chamber of Deputies on her way to the Church of the Atocha, she opened the door of her carriage and presented the Prince of the Asturias. This demonstration was greeted with enthusiastic acclamations.

SARDINIA.—It seems as if the enemies of the Church throughout Europe, have determined to imitate each other in their attack upon the Catholic priesthood. In Belgium we have witnessed the attacks of a lawless mob, aided and abetted by the royal authority. We now see Sardinia imitating England in the persecution of priests. The case of the Revs. Fathers Conway and Ryan will be imitated and repeated *ad libitum*, by the great champion of *Progress*, the representative of Piedmont in the Paris Congress, the Count de Cavour. The assault on the Catholic religion was commenced some time since. The property of the Church was sold, the venerable bishops were driven from their dioceses, and their relations with the Holy See broken off. M. de Cavour lost the majority in the late general elections, and to sustain himself and his colleagues he was obliged to enter into a coalition with the *Left*, or revolutionary party, and the consequence of that union was an attack on the electoral rights of Catholics. M. de Cavour now demands that an inquiry be made into the conduct of the clergy on the last election, charging them, on the faith of a mere rumor, as he himself avows, with making an unlawful use of their spiritual power in the confessional, by threatening with excommunication those who did not vote for the Catholic candidates.

FRANCE.—The daring attempt to assassinate the Emperor is the great absorbing topic in the French capital. This attempt was made on the 14th of January, the particulars of which are thus given by a cotemporary:—"On the evening of the 14th inst. the Imperial carriage in which were the Emperor and Empress,

arrived before the peristyle of the Grand Opera, three loud reports produced by the explosion of a species of bombs were heard, an interval of some seconds taking place between each detonation. Those bombs were thrown from the top of one of the houses opposite, and bursting among the Imperial escort, killed some four or five persons, and wounded more than one hundred and fifty in the immense crowd, which was assembled in front of the Opera House. The loudest report was made by a bomb which burst under the Emperor's carriage killing one of the horses and wounding another so severely that it was found necessary to abridge his pain by killing him. The carriage was injured and, the door opening with great difficulty, it took some time to get the Imperial couple out of the vehicle. The Emperor, after his narrow escape, showed the greatest coolness, mingled with the crowd, and gave orders to have the wounded taken care of. The Emperor's hat was pierced by a fragment of the bombs, and a broken piece of glass wounded him on the cheek. General Roguet, the Emperor's Aide-de-Camp, who was in the carriage with their majesties, was wounded but not severely. The windows of the peristyle of the Opera were shattered, and one of the fragments, after having gone through the window, demolished an angle of one of the walls. After the affair several distinguished persons, amongst whom were certain members of the Imperial Family, entered the Imperial *loge* to congratulate the Emperor on his escape. Subsequently crowds of persons of all ranks and parties went to inscribe their names at the Chateau, to testify to their utter horror of such attempts." A large number of persons have been arrested, but it seems that only four Italians have been directly engaged in the horrible act. These were Count d'Orsini, Gomez, Pierri, and Da Silva. A few moments before the explosion, Pierri was recognized in the crowd. A bomb exactly like those which exploded, was found on him; also a six-barreled revolver, and a large dirk knife. Orsini was also arrested early on the following morning. He is a Roman by birth, an advocate by profession, and a man of indomitable energy. He was imprisoned some years since in the citadel of Mantua, in consequence of the murder of the Duke of Parma, and his escape from that prison was a miracle of audacity. The bombs employed in this diabolical affair were first said to be of glass, but it now seems that they were of iron, filled with fulminate of mercury, having on their lower end several pillars on which are placed percussion caps. They did not contain any projectiles, and the wounds inflicted were operated by portions of the thick iron envelope. On the following day, the members of the Senate and the Corps Legislatif, visited the Emperor at the Tuileries to congratulate him on his escape. Addresses were presented by all the public bodies, and from the army, expressing the utmost horror at the attempt, and giving assurance of their loyalty, and their willingness to aid in ferreting out and punishing the assassins. Public thanks were offered up in the various churches. The Emperor in person visited the wounded, and caused ten thousand francs to be distributed among them. In opening the Chamber of Deputies, his Majesty alluded to the attempt on his life, and said that such attempts could not trouble his serenity or shake his faith in the future: if he lives the Empire will live with him; and if he succumbs the Empire would be strengthened by his very death; for the indignation of the people and the army would be another prop to the throne of his son.

A terrible accident lately occurred at the magnificent church of St. Sulpice, in the Faubourg St. Germain. At ten in the morning, while Mass was going on in the Chapel of the Virgin, one of the hot-water pipes used for warming the church burst with a tremendous noise, throwing boiling water and splinters of

iron and marble upon the congregation. Three persons were killed on the spot, five others were seriously injured, and half a dozen more were hurt. M. Lucien Boyer, physician to the Senate, was present, and volunteered his services. The calorifère, which caused this sad catastrophe, was put up about three years since, as a substitute for a former system of warming the church by hot air, it being thought that hot-water pipes were more wholesome. It is fortunate that the accident did not take place while the chapel was crowded.

ENGLAND.—The marriage of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, has been the great event of the month in England. The ceremony took place at the Royal Chapel, St. James Place, on Monday the 25th of January. According to the programme, the day was generally observed as a holiday. Immense crowds cheered the royal party in a most enthusiastic manner. After the conclusion of the ceremonial, the bride gave vent to her feelings, and flung herself upon her mother's bosom. A scene, in which great emotion was evinced by all concerned, took place. After the marriage, the young couple started for Windsor. On their arrival at that place, they were drawn in a carriage to the Castle by the Eaton boys, amidst enthusiastic cheering. The Queen gave a grand State concert at Buckingham Palace in London, on the evening of the wedding day. The principal streets of the metropolis were brilliantly illuminated.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*Pastoral of the Archbishop.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, making known his desire that the Forty Hours' Devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament be held in the various churches as soon as may be convenient. The excellent Pastoral, though local in its character, abounds with instruction, applicable to Catholics everywhere, and we would most willingly insert it entire, if our space would permit. The following extract giving a short history of this devotion, will be found to contain universal interest:

"In the sixteenth century, when with many other revealed truths, it was rejected and blasphemed, the zeal of St. Charles Borromeo prompted him to institute at Milan public exercises, continued during two entire days, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, whereby he sought to attract to the churches faithful and devout worshippers, whilst the votaries of the world were engaged in the vain amusements and criminal excesses of the Carnival. Pope Pius IV encouraged this devotion by the grant of indulgences, which several Pontiffs have since enlarged, and which our present holy Father has vouchsafed to extend to this diocese. It soon became a favorite exercise, and was promoted with great zeal by St. Philip Neri at Rome, and by St. Francis de Sales in his Apostolic missions in Chablais, where it powerfully contributed to the conversion of the population. Throughout Italy, Spain, Germany, France and other countries it has long been practised with great advantage to religion, as also in various parts of these United States. We feel happy in introducing it into this diocese, being firmly persuaded that it will be attended with a great increase of piety and devotion.

"This exercise chiefly consists in the public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during two days, amidst a brilliant display of lights, intended to represent in a sensible manner that Christ our Lord is the light of the world, and to

raise our minds to the contemplation of His glory in the heavenly Jerusalem, the Lamb being the lamp thereof. The exposition takes place after the celebration of Mass, and a procession, in which the Sacrament is carried around the church. On the second day a votive Mass is celebrated for peace, to implore this blessing: and on the third day a Mass of the Blessed Sacrament is sung, and a procession made preparatory to the replacing of the Sacrament in the tabernacle. The Litanies of the Saints with other prescribed prayers, are recited on the first and third days. It is the spirit of the Church that the entire devotion of the faithful during this whole time should be concentrated in this mystery, and that their minds should be employed in holy meditation on the goodness, love and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Religious Reception.—In the chapel of the order of Our Lady of Mercy, at the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., on the 16th of February, Miss Rebecca C. Green, of Charles county, Md., received the white veil, taking the name in religion of sister Clare Agnes.

Religious Profession.—On the morning of the 4th of February in the chapel of St. Francis de Sales, at Mt. de Sales, Sister Mary Bernard Johnson, of Germantown, made her solemn profession of the three religious vows. The Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick preached and performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Father Sourin, S. J. and several other clergymen.

The Rev. A. Verot, D. D., of Ellicott's Mills, in this diocese, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of Florida, and the Bulls for his consecration have been received.

2. **DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.**—*Dispensation granted to the Catholics in the Army and Navy of the U. S.*—From the following letter addressed by the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo to the Rev. Mr. Plunkett, Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, Va., it will be seen that a dispensation of abstinence has been granted to Catholic soldiers and sailors in the Army and Navy of the United States:

BUFFALO, Feb. 19th, 1857.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—His Holiness, at my request, granted to the soldiers and sailors of our Army and Navy, whilst on service, or in barracks, garrison, &c., dispensation from the rule of Abstinence, except six days in each year, viz: Ash-Wednesday, the three last days of Lent, the Vigils of the Assumption of the B. V. M., and that of Christmas.—Pray for, Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed) † JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

3. **DIOCESE OF FORT WAYNE.**—The Consecration of the Right Rev. J. H. Luers, D.D. as the first Bishop of Fort Wayne, took place on the 11th of January, at the Cathedral of Cincinnati. The imposing ceremony was attended by a large concourse of persons. The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell was the Consecrator, and the assistant Bishops were the Right Rev. M. de St. Palais, of Vincennes, and the Right Rev. G. Aloysius Carrell, of Covington. The assistants in the Pontifical Mass were: The Very Rev. E. T. Collins, V. G., Archdeacon; the Rev. Messrs. J. Albrinck, of Pomeroy, and Borgess, of Columbus, deacon and subdeacon. The solemnity of the occasion was increased by the attendance of the representatives of many religious orders, among whom was Father Wimmer, the Mitred Abbot of the Benedictines at Latrobe, Pa. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville. A most interesting and grateful demonstration in honor of the newly elected Bishop took place at St. Joseph's church, of which Dr. Luers had been the zealous and devoted pastor for eleven years. Of this demonstration the

Telegraph thus gives the following particulars:—The sanctuary was brilliantly illuminated, the church thronged to overflowing. A framework erected in the sanctuary bore, in the midst of light, appropriate texts of Scripture. The choir commenced the proceedings by a hymn. The Rev. Mr. Stehle, aided by Rev. Mr. Somers, who are now charged with the care of the congregation, arranged rich offerings, appertaining to the Episcopal chapel and office, on a credence table, and an address was read to the new Bishop. The little boys and girls of the schools, handsomely dressed, the girls in white and wearing bright crowns, the young unmarried men and ladies, the fathers and mothers of families, the officers of religious societies, and all the German Catholics of Cincinnati, through their able representative, Father Otto, had a word and a gift for their Right Rev. friend, the delivery of which was interspersed with music from the choir. It was a heart-offering from all present to the merit and virtues of the faithful Pastor now leaving them. The Archbishop and the Right Rev. Bishops of Vincennes and Covington, who were in the sanctuary, were deeply affected by this exhibition of an entire people's gratitude and faith.

4. DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—Recently a pastoral from the Apostolic Vicar of Hindostan, was published in the Catholic papers recounting the afflictions and losses sustained by the Church in India in consequence of the revolt. The same Prelate has subsequently addressed the following letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, asking for relief for the suffering Catholics of India:

EAST INDIES, *Fort Agra*, December 4, 1857.

My Dear Lord Archbishop.—Being fully convinced of the warm interest your Lordship takes in the welfare of Religion, I take the liberty of inclosing a copy of a Pastoral Letter which briefly describes the immense loss sustained by this vicariate—the only vicariate in India—which hitherto has felt the sad effects of the revolt.

I have no doubt that your Lordship will deeply feel for our truly deplorable position, and have the kindness to interest both the clergy and laity of your archdiocese in our behalf. Without a prompt and effectual assistance from our brethren at home, I do not see how it will be possible for us to repair the many losses—as I expect little or nothing from this Government, or even from the relief fund, which will be applied by committees of their own, and the Catholics in India have either been themselves great sufferers, or are generally very poor.

Our hopes of help, therefore, are in Europe and America. Any help shall be most gratefully received, and fervent prayers offered for the pious donors.

With my most respectful regards, I remain, my dear Lord Archbishop, your devoted Brother in Christ,

† J. PERSICO,

Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Hindostan.

5. DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.—The Right Rev. Bishop Timon, recently received the vows of two Sisters of Mercy, in their chapel, at St. Mary's, Rochester. Their names are Miss Anne Kavanagh (in religion Sister Mary Magdalen de Pazzi), Miss Teresa O'Reilly (in religion Sister Mary Raymond).

6. DIOCESE OF CHARLESTON.—We are much pleased to learn that the long vacancy in this diocese is about to be filled by the consecration of the Very Rev. Dr. P. N. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston. The consecration will take place on the second Sunday of March. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore will be the consecrating prelate.

7. **DIOCESE OF MOBILE.**—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, on the 29th of Dec'r, ordained for his diocese the Rev. M. Dougherty, of East Boston.

8. **DIOCESE OF CLEVELAND.**—On Sunday, Nov'r 27, the new church of St. Patrick, Cleveland, Ohio, was dedicated by Rt. Rev. Josue M. Young, Bishop of Erie. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati.

9. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—On Monday, January 28th, the following ladies took their vows in the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I.: Miss Louisa Curtin (Sister M. Louisa Josephine), Miss Kate Sullivan (Sister M. Jerome), Miss Catharine Lynch (Sister Christina), Miss Ellen Purcell (Sister Juliana), and Miss Margaret Myron (Sister Scholastica). The Very Rev. Wm. O'Reilly, Adm., officiated on the occasion, assisted by Rev. J. Sheridan.

10. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, is in Cuba, where he will remain some time, for the benefit of his health, which we are glad to learn is improving. He has been received with marked attention by the Captain General.

11. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—A most successful Fair has recently been held in Brooklyn for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum. The proceeds after paying the expenses amounted to \$5,712 24. This result gives evidence of a most liberal spirit on the part of the Catholics of Brooklyn. This sum will be applied towards paying a mortgage, the principal and interest of which amounted to \$3,049 58. There remained to meet other demands only \$2,662 66. Fully three thousand dollars are yet required to pay for fence, heaters, range, oven, cistern, well, &c.

12. **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.**—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, Feb. 14th, at St. Matthew's church, Conshohocken, to seventy-six persons. The same Right Rev. Prelate will administer the sacrament of Confirmation at the following places: St. Aloysius', Pottstown, Feb. 28; St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, March 7; Trinity, Philadelphia, March 14.

13. **DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—The Rev. Father Driscoll of Cincinnati, lately preached a very successful mission, in Steubenville. Between four and five hundred persons approached the Holy Table. A correspondent of the *Telegraph* thus speaks of its results: "My heart has been filled with gladness at beholding the great good accomplished here during the Retreat, conducted by that good missionary. The success of his labors has astonished me; large numbers, especially of young people who had, I might say, entirely neglected the Sacraments for years, many all their lives, received the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist with great fervor. Many, also, who had been alienated by mixed marriages and other causes, had their hearts warmed to the Church and acknowledged it to be theirs, under the inspiring words of the 'Man of God.' To us all has this mission been a great blessing."

OBITUARY.—Died lately at New Orleans the Rev. M. CALVO, C. M. The deceased had been in the ministry for twenty years, and had been long stationed at Donaldsonville, La., until forced to suspend his zealous labors by the painful malady of which he died. *May he rest in peace.*